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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—DE FOE.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The explanation of the party quarrel about the funeral of M. Thiers is no doubt to be found in the custom of making speeches at the grave. It was this that made the Republican friends of M. Thiers unwilling to leave the ceremony in the hands of the Government. The friend who performs this last sad duty has to expound the lessons of the life that has ended, and the speech acquires an almost sacred authority from the occasion. The custom is repugnant to our English notions, but we must remember that it exists before we condemn too hastily the unwillingness of Mme. Thiers to constitute the present French Government the interpreters of her husband's mission. Imagine Marshal MacMahon or M. de Fourtou performing such a task. The incongruity would be as gross a shock as can be conceived to a Frenchman's sense of propriety. Much regret is felt here that M. Thiers should have been deprived of the honour of a public funeral, and that strife should have been introduced into a place which imposes a truce upon all animosities, but we must reflect how much more it would have jarred upon a Frenchman's feelings to have the illustrious statesman's last message to his countrymen delivered through an unfriendly and distorting medium. It is so difficult for people whose customs differ to judge each other fairly.

The speeches at M. Thiers' grave had necessarily a party character, because he was a party man, and died in the thick of a party struggle, but at least it was right that they should be delivered by friends who enjoyed his confidence, and not by political opponents who would have given his opinions such an interpretation as he would have protested against during his life. M. Grévy was the first speaker, and he exerted himself to extract what was still active and vital in his friend's political principles, and so be the medium of his last instructions. "I would, for a moment," he said, "call your attention to that which will be in history the greatest feature in M. Thiers' political life. I mean his adhesion to the Republic. M. Thiers long belonged to that school of Constitutional Monarchy which was brilliant in the first half of this century. Like most of the men of his generation he thought he saw in that institution the government of the nation by itself—that invincible necessity of modern peoples. He fancied he could transplant into this country the English Government, without reflecting that in France time has irrevocably destroyed those social elements upon which that species of government was originally founded in England, and that in a society arrived at a democratic state, such an importation would be an anachronism. And later the spectacle of our misfortunes made this truth apparent to his great mind; when looking back and considering the events which in three-quarters of a century had overthrown eight Governments by violent revolutions—an unexampled fact in the history of the world—he saw that the cause of such frequent upheaving and such extraordinary instability was that France, having become a pure democracy, could not tolerate the Monarchical Governments obstinately imposed upon her. And he saw, moreover, that the dynastic parties, the sad legacy of these many revolutions, holding each other in check, were neither of them capable of retrieving power and keeping it. It must have been painful to this illustrious veteran of the monarchical party to renounce a cause which had so long commanded his predilections, and to which he was attached by so many sentiments and recollections. But no sacrifice was too great for his patriotism and his love of truth. He did not shrink from declaring solemnly, and he repeated his opinion only a few days before his death, that the Republic was the only Government possible in France. Such a great example made converts of a brilliant pleiade of liberal minds, who were previously perplexed with vain alarms and unfounded prejudices. It is to M. Thiers that the Republic is indebted, in a very great measure, for having conquered the confident adhesion of France; it is owing to him that Europe is now convinced that the Republic is a Government of order and peace. And, in return, it was from the force of the Republican Government at the head of which he was placed that M. Thiers derived the power to rescue France from her disasters with a promptitude and success which astonished the world. The foundation of the Republic and the resurrection of France were the two great services which M. Thiers had the happiness to render to his country. These will be his most glorious titles to the gratitude of posterity. It is by them that his memory will be immortal and the gratitude of the French people imperishable. And what services might he not have yet rendered! But now that we have lost him, let us at least preserve his example and tradition. Let us lay ourselves out to show, as he did, that the Republic is a Government of order, peace, and liberty, the only Conservative Government in our country and our time, because it alone is suitable to our interests, our needs, and our social conditions. Thus we shall honour the memory of M. Thiers and serve France." There is no reason in the nature of things why this mode of taking leave at the grave of a man whose life has something to teach us should be thought a profanation.

Whatever view we may take of the funeral customs of our neighbours, there can be only one opinion about the indecency of the comments that have appeared in the Bonapartist Press since the death of M. Thiers.

Figaro says:—"A cookery-book for the million has just been found on M. Jules Favre's desk. It was open at the chapter headed 'How to Utilise Remains.' A very reactionary artist, we are assured, is painting a picture of M. Gambetta as a thief, resting his hand on a coffin, and pronouncing the historical words, 'This portmanteau ought to belong to us!'" In the *Pays* Cassagnac wrote:—"They reproach us with trampling on a dead body. That is an error. We do not trample on a dead body. That would be useless and quite superfluous. *But we dance by the side of it!*" "This carcase," says the *Défense*, "must not be allowed to become the prey of the Radicals to organise their orgies upon." "Is Thiers dead?" asks the *Gaulois*. "No, he is as much alive as ever he was. He is what he always was—a mass of corruption!" The advocates of silent or formally ceremonial interment would probably say that here we have an example of the consequences of making speeches at the grave. Opinions must always differ as to the lesson of a man's life, and heated opponents are not likely to take a friend's interpretation quietly, so that death becomes the occasion for an unseemly conflict.

The most surprising part of the judgment pronounced against M. Gambetta by default is not its severity. Given the composition of the tribunal, the president of which was at one time secretary to M. de Grandperret, the successor of M. Ollivier in August, 1870, the penalty of three months' imprisonment does not seem excessive. The extraordinary thing is the immediate refusal to comply with the request for an adjournment of eight days preferred by the solicitors of M. Gambetta and the *Republique Française*. Such requests are always assented to when the ground on which they rest is reasonable. M. Gambetta, who is a member of the French Bar, applied to M. Betolaud, the *bâtonnier*, or present head, of the corporation of *avocats* to undertake his defence. That is the custom in any action brought against a member of the bar. M. Betolaud being prevented at the last moment, by the state of his health, from taking charge of the affair, the leader of the Left next addressed himself to M. Allou, the *bâtonnier* of the previous year, who did not receive notice till the evening before the trial came on. Consequently he had no time to prepare his defence. It is strange that the tribunal should not have taken account of these circumstances. In order to conform to the usages of the profession, M. Gambetta voluntarily deprived himself of the assistance of M. Grévy. It was a concession to professional etiquette which ought to have been well weighed; for however indisputable the ability of M. Allou or M. Betolaud, the immense curiosity which attaches at present to M. Grévy, and the importance which his speech would have had on the eve of the elections, would without doubt have given an interest to the action even greater than it has had.

The journals of "moral order" are triumphant over the sentence passed upon M. Gambetta. In their efforts to turn it to account with the peasants, they omit the fact that it was pronounced by default. They affect to believe that the peasants will recoil with horror from the advances of a man who is a criminal in the eye of the law. This is a mistake. The peasants have long known what signification to attach to judgments passed without the accused or the defendant having appeared to plead his case. They know very well that this counts for nothing, and that they must wait for the *sentence definitive* before everything is over. The good people of the provinces are much better instructed in the matter of actions than the journalists who are trying to work upon their ignorance would believe. The French peasant is very fond of litigation. And even if he had not been already taught by his own or his neighbour's experience as to the meaning of a judgment *par défaut*, he would have been rendered more than suspicious by the daily increasing number of actions brought against journals for articles much more moderate than the conversations which may be heard in any part of the territory. Last week the number of Press prosecutions instituted since May 16 amounted to 405.

The report recently set afloat that two officials of the Vienna arsenal had been bribed into selling to the military *attaché* of the German embassy the secret of the construction of the Uchatius guns, turns out to be a cock-and-bull story. In order to show publicly the groundlessness of the report, the German military *attaché* has been specially invited to be present in the suite of the Emperor-King Francis Joseph at the forthcoming manœuvres. Inquiries in another direction are, however, continued. From Frankfort-on-the-Main, a more definite report of a kindred nature reaches us. An Austrian ex-officer, or rather lance-corporal, a certain M. Gayling, who in 1870–71 had served in France, according to his own statement, as captain of Franc-Tireurs, was placed a few days ago before the Correctional Tribunal of Frankfort under a charge of having endeavoured to bribe the Lieutenant von Tanera, of the 6th Wurtemberg Infantry Regiment, for the object of getting possession of certain State secrets referring to the German army-organisation and the cypher-language of the mobilisation orders. M. Gayling is a regular correspondent of the Paris *Patrie*. In order to deceive the German officer whom he is said to have wished to bribe, he assumed a higher military rank, wore a medal for valour not rightfully belonging to him, and professed to be a German patriot and well-wisher of the national cause. The character given to Gayling by the authorities of his native town is that of an adventurer who easily runs into debt. The defence set up was, that he had only approached Lieutenant von Tanera for journalistic purposes. After a long consultation, the Correctional Tribunal of Frankfort delivered a sentence of not guilty; but on M. Gayling setting about to leave the Hall of Justice, the State Prosecutor had him once more arrested.

Lord John Manners has, we learn, just entered into competition with touting tradesmen. A Post Office circular, which is being widely disseminated, thus commences, in connexion with the sovereign virtues of the postal savings banks:—"The Postmaster-General desires to call your attention to the advantages offered by the Post Office—1st, for investing savings and small sums of money, with Government security for repayment; 2nd, for life insurance; 3rd, for making provision for old age by means of an annuity." The closeness with which the phraseology of trade circulars is here copied shows that Lord John has already made great progress in the noble art of puffery. Odd to remember that he should have formerly written—

> Let laws and learning, arts and commerce die,
> But leave us still our old nobility.

The magistrates of Dorsetshire would seem to entertain a rather exaggerated notion of the "divinity that doth hedge" the Bench. An "aged man," named Francis Harvey, was lately charged at the Shire Hall with begging a penny at the residence of a magistrate. After hearing the evidence, the Bench decided that the offence was too serious for them to deal with. So the aged sinner was sent to gaol, for trial at the quarter sessions, in spite of his pitiful appeals for mercy "for the sake of his old woman at Yeovil." It must be admitted that the prisoner did not bear the best of characters, having many previous convictions recorded against him. Still, it does not seem in the eternal fitness of things to tell off an old vagabond for solemn trial at quarter sessions, after a considerable interval passed in prison, for no more serious offence than begging a penny.

Dr. Leonard Armstrong, medical officer of health for Dawlish, has written us a courteous letter, complaining

that our recent article on "Seaside Sanitation" is unfair. He states that, as a matter of fact, the sewage of Dawlish was diverted from the little brook fifteen or sixteen years ago. He also assures us that only within the last two years two cases of typhoid have occurred in Dawlish, and in neither instance has the disease "swept through the town like a hurricane." He adds that Dawlish is "a pretty watering-place." So it is. We doubt, however, whether its average rate of mortality is altogether satisfactory; and, for the rest, we are content to leave visitors to the place, who are usually more impartial than residents, to judge how far our article was unfair.

So many erroneous accounts of the origin and life of Mehemet Ali Pasha, the Turkish commander, being abroad, the following authentic facts may be of interest:—He is a German by birth; his real name is Karl Detroit; his birthplace, Magdeburg. The father was a musician, of Huguenot extraction, but of somewhat loose manner of life, who left his wife and two children, taking up his residence at Berlin. The mother, a careful, industrious German housewife, lived in a dwelling belonging to the French Reformed Church at Magdeburg, doing her best to give a good education to her children. At school, young Detroit, a somewhat bold and audacious boy, generally was on the first form. His strategical qualities soon showed themselves in the many set attacks which the preparatory school, of which he was a pupil, carried on, according to the pugnacious German fashion, with the pupils of the neighbouring Burgher's school. Especially in winter time, when German boys construct snow fortresses, and bombard each other with snowballs not unfrequently hardened with dangerous lumps of ice, did young Detroit develop his military skill and prowess as a leader in attack and defence. The same, it may be remembered, is recorded of Napoleon I. After having attended the lower classes of the Dome Grammar School, Karl Detroit left, in order to go on board ship, at the age of fifteen. The captain of the Hamburg merchant vessel and his crew being a rough lot, the boy ran away in 1847, when the ship anchored at the Bosphorus. In the palace of Ali Pasha, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, he was favourably received, and having become a convert to Mahommedanism, he was sent to the Military Academy at Constantinople where he soon rose to the first place. Those who saw him there were struck with the thorough Teutonic appearance of the fair-haired boy, who spoke German and French with equal fluency, and whose habits were the most studious. In 1853 he was appointed lieutenant in the general staff of Omar Pasha. In 1854 he obtained the rank of captain, being in garrison at Shumla. At the head-quarters of Omar Pasha there were then many English, French, Italian, and Spanish officers, either as delegates of their governments or as simple volunteers. Captain Detroit, whose refined manners distinguished him in society, formed many acquaintances and friendships at that time with officers of higher rank, such as General Prim. Having served during the Russian War at the Danube and in the Crimea, "Mehemed Ali" gradually rose to the rank of Major-General; but after the death of his friend and protector Ali Pasha, his advancement was a slow one. Only in the present year he received the Marshal's baton. His appointment to the command-in-chief at the Danube certainly seems to have turned the fortune of war.

It appears that the Ultramontane Ticino Government refuses to withdraw the troops from Lugano until the expenses of the occupation have been paid. This the Municipality refuses to do, and thus the occupation still continues. It was probably the certainty that the Municipality would refuse these expenses that induced the Ticino Government to insist upon them. Party spirit is running so high that a serious conflict may very possibly arise.

There are signs that the Prussian Education Act of Herr Von Falk will not pass during the coming Session. It is, in fact, doubtful whether it will be brought in at all this year. Certain influences are being brought to bear against it, which may possibly be successful. It would perhaps be as well to leave it till 1878 for the new Chamber to deal with. Meantime, the Emperor has issued a decree, dated Benrath, September 5, transferring the administration of the Evangelical Church to the Supreme Evangelical Court.

The Greek Government has been much in the same position as that of Servia. They have been suffering from a plethora of advice. It is an open secret that they have been formally assured by the German Government of its fullest sympathy; but this assurance is somewhat diminished by the proviso that such sympathy cannot practically extend beyond the limits imposed by Great Britain. But as to what these limits are, the Greek Government has not yet been able to ascertain. In no case have the promises of the British Ministers gone beyond the general assurance that the interests of Greece shall not suffer in favour of any other nationality subject to the Porte; but at the same time it has been pointed out that any premature action would forfeit the good wishes of the Government of this country and prevent any interference with such maritime dispositions as the Turkish Government might see fit to adopt. This language has made a decided impression upon some members of the Athens Cabinet, who find themselves opposed by the more independent members, whose idea is in favour of co-operation with Russia—or, to use the more exact phrase—of parallel action with Russia independent of Russian control, but still *en rapport* with St. Petersburg. This is also the view of the majority of the population, with Leonidas Bulgaris at their head. Leonidas Bulgaris is equal to the occasion, and, supported by Coumounduros, is feverishly agitating for an unofficial war like the Servian. Canaris, however, is opposed to this, as indeed to any war at all until the success of the Russian arms appears assured beyond all doubt. So, too, is the Phanar opposed to any action; and when certain occurrences in the Russian monastery of Pantaleimon, on Mount Athos, in connexion with intrigues in the Bulgarian monasteries there, seemed to point recently to an attempt to Slavonicise the peninsula, the *Phare du Bosphore* called upon the Porte to vindicate its rights, and banish the Russian and Bulgarian monks. The Porte would have consented, but Prince Reuss protested against the measure, and it was not carried out. Again, the Phanar has rendered important services to Turkey during the present war. Thus the banking firm Zarifi has recently advanced 300,000*l.* to the Porte, in addition to former sums advanced by the same firm, and Messrs. Negroponte and Stefanovitch. The Phanar also has the chief contracts for the supplies for the Turkish army. There is thus a great division of interest between the Greeks of the kingdom and those of Constantinople and part of the Greek Colony—London and Vienna. But the people of Greece feel very strongly that the jackal's part is not a worthy one to play, especially not for such a nation as the Greek, and have besides a shrewd idea that it is a dangerous game to play. It is true, the Greek Cabinet is prepared to enter into an alliance with Russia on certain conditions. These conditions are that Russia shall formally engage to renounce for herself and the Slavs any claim to the country south of the Balkans; that the occupation of towns largely inhabited by Greeks, such as Adrianople, should be temporary only; and thirdly that Russia should sell her ironclad fleet to Greece in order to secure the services of the 30,000 sailors Greece is prepared to furnish. The little kingdom has thus no small idea of its importance. But extravagant as these demands may appear, it might be wise on the part of the Russians to accede to them. Greece must not be measured by the Morea and the Peloponnesus. There is a larger Greece—the Greece that has kept the Porte on its legs for many centuries, and which is capable of keeping it on its legs still.

THE HOLOCAUST IN BULGARIA.

Could the men of the two contending hosts in Bulgaria but be inspired for ten consecutive minutes by a sudden access of common sense and independence, they would just shoulder their arms and march off, leaving their commanders sticking in the gory mud they have been creating by indecision on the one hand and incompetence on the other. But as it is, to use the words attributed to Prince Bismarck, both armies are each getting exactly the thrashing they deserve. It requires no special military knowledge, beyond that with which the wars that have now raged almost uninterruptedly in Europe since 1864 have furnished the public, to understand the situation, and to see how the campaign, originally well conceived and well carried out in the commencement by the Russians, has resulted in a failure owing to circumstances which still remain a mystery, unless, indeed, they may be reduced to jealousies amongst the members of the Czar's family, even as the jealousies amongst the Turkish commanders have prevented their taking advantages offered to them by the vacillating conduct of the enemy's leaders. Up till last Friday there was nothing to show for certain that the Russian commanders had committed any errors, or that the campaign was not being carried out as originally intended, barring such modifications as a determined enemy would be sure to be able to cause, and to avoid the evil consequences of which generals are supposed to be prepared. In fact, unless the campaign was to have been a mere military promenade, there was no room for any generalship other than that of preventing the enemy from permanently modifying the original plan. That plan was to mask the armies of the Turks in the quadrilateral and the army of Osman Pasha at Widdin by the right and left wings of the Russian army, whilst the centre forced the Balkans and obliged the Turkish armies to abandon their positions under penalty of leaving Roumelia and the capital undefended. If this was not the plan of the Russian commanders then it may safely be assumed that they had no plan at all worthy of two minutes' consideration. The commencement of the war found the Russians facing two parallel lines of natural defences—the Danube and the Balkans. Between these two lines the Turks had concentrated their forces in the east and in the west, leaving the centre practically undefended. This disposition was a justifiable one on the part of the Turks. They could either remain in their positions and force the Russians to come to them and try conclusions, or they could march upon the Russian columns, sweeping through the centre, and stake the fortunes of war on an attempt to crush them between two lines. On the other hand, three courses, each with a fair chance of success, were open to the Russians. They might have proceeded, according to the old rules of war, to reduce the fortresses one by one, and have gradually pushed forward along the whole line. They might have thrown the bulk of their forces across the Danube above Widdin, and have worked from west to east in two, or even three divisions, after turning the Balkans; and finally they had the alternative, which they adopted, of breaking through the centre, masking the Turkish forces in the east and in the west, whilst an army of 120,000 marched through the lane thus provided, and either have occupied Adrianople or have turned the flanks of the armies at Widdin and in the quadrilateral. From the outset it was clear that they had chosen the latter alternative. Up to a certain point they followed out this programme to the letter. That point coincided with the attack upon Plevna. There is now no doubt that this attack was a tremendous error. It was a criminal blunder, for which there was not the shadow of an excuse. But until the successful advance of Mehemet Ali there was no reason to believe it was an error. It was not an error if by that attack an offensive movement by Osman Pasha on inferior numbers was avoided. But when we read of the tremendous lines the Turks have been constructing round Plevna, and which will henceforth always occupy a position in the annals of warfare, by the side of the famous lines of Weissenburg and Badajos, it is perfectly clear that Osman Pasha never contemplated any offensive movement surpassing the dimensions of a sortie. And when we read that the Russian idea of masking an army consists in forming a palisade of isolated battalions along a line of over 120 miles long in the west, and nearly 200 miles long in the east; when we read that whilst the Turks have been throwing up earthworks and redoubts to a formidable extent, whilst the Russian commanders have not turned a sod, and that their only defences have been trenches of blood and ramparts of dead bodies, we can no longer wonder at the cynical remark of one of the Turkish diplomats:—"Cette guerre est chose admirable pour la Bulgarie. Toute notre reconnaissance est due aux Russes. Ils sont venus 'abreuver nos sillons d'un sang impur,' qui multipliera nos moissons d'une façon dont les créditeurs de la Porte leur sauront gré." Having decided on masking the two Turkish field armies, the first thing the Russians ought to have done—and which it was supposed they were doing—would have been, after having settled upon their lines, to throw up redoubts and earthworks, through which it would have been impossible for the Turks to break. But they have done nothing of the sort. They set up their men like skittles in a circle, for the Turks to bowl down, with their king on a daïs in the middle. And then, finding that Osman Pasha was advancing on them, they sent a few thousand men to certain death through their carelessness in not ascertaining the numbers the enemy had brought to face them. However, that error, though dearly paid for, might have been retrieved. There was still time, owing to the brave defence of the Schibka Pass, and the ineffectual attempts of Suleiman Pasha to prepare the way for Mehemet Ali, for them to have constructed a series of impregnable lines, against which the Turks might have spent their forces in vain. But, instead of doing that, the Russian commanders, stung into fury at their reverses at Plevna, determined, at the expense of their men's lives, to revenge themselves for the ridicule lavished upon them by military men throughout Europe. The proof that they are blinded by their passionate conceit is afforded by the manner in which they have conducted the attack on the Plevna lines. These lines are a series of redoubts and earthworks, one ring within the other, commanding barren slopes, without any cover, and bristling east, west, north, and south with artillery and a fence of deadly rifles. Round this position the Russian commanders have closed in a semicircle, leaving the back-door open, by which Osman Pasha can retreat at any moment. It is true that the Russian left at Lovatz commands the high-road from Plevna to Orkhanie and Sophia; but there is no proof whatever that this road will be Osman Pasha's line of retreat. On the contrary, there are numerous indications that he intends falling back, not on Sophia, but on Vratza, some sixty miles south-east by east of Plevna, a position infinitely stronger than Plevna, and the approaches to which, by the valley of the Vratschanska and the valley of the Iskra, are now being rapidly fortified. That this line of retreat should not have been cut off before offensive operations were commenced is as great an error as these offensive operations themselves are. No matter what the issue of the struggle may be, this is a case in which success will not justify the expense. No doubt Plevna will fall; it must fall. But if it is carried by assault after assault the lives that will be lost will have been wantonly sacrificed, for the position might have been surrounded by a wall of artillery and counter lines, and starved out of ammunition with no more loss than might be inflicted by the enemy in trying to break through.

This seems so self-evident that it seems impossible that the rear of Osman Pasha has not been barred. That in fact he is not blockaded, although no information to that effect has been received anywhere, and the special correspondents mention nothing about it. It is possible that the guards or other troops have been thrown across the Danube at Korabbia, and are closing round the position. And until this is done, until Osman Pasha's supplies are cut off and his ammunition spent, the Russians may bom-

bard his position for ever without effect. The value of artillery and shell fire depends upon the moral effect produced by the crash and the whizzing of the jagged fragments. The physical effects are practically *nil*; and if troops are once accustomed to disregard the external phenomena of an exploding shell, they only laugh at its impotent bluster and splutter; and no troops in the world care less for the din and the crash and the clouds of dust a shell throws up than the Turks, whilst the sight of a corpse mangled and torn by a successful shot produces absolutely no impression at all upon the callous Moslem. It is his *panis et circensis*—the only sort of excitement his phlegmatic nature is capable of enjoying. To suppose, therefore, that the artillery fire of some thirty heavy pieces would succeed in driving the Turks out of their works was ridiculous. It was probably undertaken for the benefit of the Press, and to produce upon the public at home and abroad that impression by an account of the noise which the noise itself could not produce upon the Turks. The campaign thus depends now upon the Russians being able to prevent Osman Pasha from taking up a fresh position at Vratza. This is all that remains for him to do. It might have been prevented by his being effectually surrounded. He may still be so surrounded and forced to capitulate, and the Russians thus retrieve their position. But they ought never to have had anything to retrieve; and be the result what it may, it will be the result of unparalleled bungling.

As for the Turkish commanders, Mehemet Ali and Suleiman Pasha, no amount of the fierce bravery of their men can palliate their voluntary or enforced inactivity. It would be sheer waste of time to point out again what they ought to have done, and what they might have done. It is the old, old story of Turkish mal-administration, which, however, is rapidly approaching its end. For in spite of the stubborn resistance in Bulgaria to the Russians, other factors which have long been looming in the distance must now occupy the attention of the Porte. The aspect of the situation has completely changed, both politically and militarily. It is no longer a question between Turk and Russian. It is a question between the Turks and all the Christian races south of the Carpathians. Roumania, Servia, Montenegro, Greece, are up in arms at last, and must take the field before many days have elapsed. This is due to Prince Nikita's success in capturing Niksich. Dynastic considerations force Prince Milan now to take the offensive, and jealousy of the Slavs, if no other higher motive, forces the Greeks to enter the field. On all sides the storm is about to burst over the heads of the Turkish Government. The Greek army is marshalled on the frontier; Lord Derby's remonstrances and the intrigues of the Greek adventurers who play at diplomacy in the corners of snug sinecures have proved unavailing; for in quite unmistakeable language the Greek people have expressed their determination no longer to stand idly by; whilst the presence of the German squadron in Greek waters, and the declarations of the German Emperor in favour of his nephew, are quite sufficient to show that Lord Beaconsfield has met his match; and by agreeing with the German Government that Greece must be protected, has quite put himself out of court in any attempts to restrain or coerce her. The success of Prince Nikita has thus fired the train in the rear of the Turkish armies. His forces can effect a junction with those of Prince Milan, and quite cut off communications between Bosnia, the Herzegovina, and the rest of Turkey. Southwards the insurrection will break out through Albania to Epirus, and the frontiers of Greece. What can the Turks do? Nothing but fight and die, or submit. The fleet has other business to attend to than to a bombardment of the rocky shores of Greece, which, besides, would not be permitted, as none of the ports are fortified, and an occupation of the islands, such as Syra, would only result in the occupation having to be raised on the conclusion of the war without any benefit having been derived from it. The only thing to be regretted, from a humanitarian point of view, is the destruction of life; but if the struggle results in the annihilation of the Stambul Government, though at treble the cost that need have been incurred, still the gain will be a hundred-fold.

HERO-WORSHIP IN GERMANY.

Whilst the rest of the world was absorbed by its own petty interests and squabbles on the Danube and the Seine, the flashing Rhine has been rolling proudly along its castled course reflecting the sheen of a thousand banners, and its hills and valleys resounding with the pæans of welcome with which festive Germania greeted her lord and master. It was, indeed, a pity that Europe could not take a holiday and form a circle round the arena from Scandinavia to the Alps, from Muscovy to the white cliffs of Albion, to gaze in rapturous admiration upon the gorgeous scene. It has been a wondrous mixture of Olympus and Mount Sinai—of Pagan hero-worship and Christian singing of psalms. But there has been no discord. The gods of Olympus, gathered round the feet of Great Jove, and the Fathers of the Church in the outer circle, all united in offering ambrosia and nectar, and burning incense that must indeed have been sweet to the nostrils of Cæsar.

After the festivities at Essen, the Emperor held a grand parade near Düsseldorf, and received the compliments of the King of Holland, who had despatched Lieut.-General MacLeed to welcome His Majesty in the vicinity of Dutch soil. The next day was occupied with the manœuvres and reviews of the 7th Corps d'Armée on the Derenburger Heath, until the Emperor, galloping gaily ahead of his suite, gave the signal to stop the mimic hostilities, and substitute the entertainment provided by Bacchus and Apollo for the performance of god Mars. Leaving Calcum, where lunch had been presided over by Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, *née* Countess Diedrichstein—a great favourite at the Berlin Court—the Emperor returned to Benrath and received a deputation of the provincial Landtag. Then dinner and music, concluding with Körner's "Song of the Sword," and a domestic tea. Next day the Emperor received a deputation of the Evangelical clergy, who had elaborated a long address, to which the Emperor replied by referring to the decrees he had already addressed to the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council, and on which he has taken, takes, and will take his stand. This reply affords a complete programme especially directed against the Ultramontanes. The chief passage ran as follows:—"Things have recently occurred which have forced me to follow suit in accordance with my ancestors, and especially with my late father, who was the first to endeavour to reunite the scattered members of the Evangelical Church, and not without success. My conviction rests upon the basis of which you have spoken, and on this basis the Church must stand; otherwise we shall be ruined, for there is a party which desires to abolish religion. We must not deceive ourselves. Last year I took occasion—I was thinking of the French Revolution—to say that God had already once been deposed and reinstated again. Now we are on the same road, although many may not be individually conscious of the transition." Then, speaking of the constitution of the Church, the Emperor continued to say that he had been heartily in favour of a constitution; but that recent events had shown this constitution to be capable of improvement, "because certain elements had crept in, which, perhaps unconsciously, must lead to the destruction of religion. Hence we must not conceal from ourselves that we are facing grave times, and that you have a difficult position and great responsibilities. I stand with you on the same ground."

Meantime, the brave men and the fair women of Düsseldorf were assembling in their thousands. "From Schadow Street to the station they lined the path, the athletes, the riflemen, the warrior clubs, the choral societies, *discipuli et discipulæ*. A lovely picture was produced by these little angel-heads, wreaths and flowers in their wavy tresses, sashes of flowers encircling their snow-white robes, and baskets of flowers and fragrant bouquets in their dimpled hands, their little eyes

flashing, their cheeks rosy with delight at the idea of welcoming the Emperor and the Empress, the Princes and the Princesses, casting flowers on his path, and greeting him with their loveable little voices. Then thundered the cannon; a tremor ran through the multitude. Hurrah! and He was there!" Thus the *Cologne Gazette*, "He" in all the Jovian grandeur of a capital H. But there is no doubt that the assembled masses were intoxicated with enthusiasm, and all that could be accomplished with flags, flowers, and flambeaux, in the shape of floral decorations, allegories, and arabesques, niches filled with exotic blossoms, feathery palms, and ferns, pyramids of laurels and garlands festooning around and between coats of arms and creamy standards edged with gold—all this was done to turn the grand banquet-hall into a scene of dazzling *féerie* for the reception of the Imperial guests after the formal introductions were over. "With majestic steps, to the strains of Meyerbeer's 'Coronation March,' the Emperor led the Empress to the daïs, and took his seat, the Crown Princess on his right, the Empress and the Crown Prince on his left. The Empress wore a rich white robe, and a diadem and necklace of brilliants; the Crown Princess was arrayed in white and brown, and wore the celebrated string of pearls belonging to the Queen Mother twisted round her tresses." Then, amidst eighty noble knights and ladies—amongst them the Countesses Olga and Marie Münster—course after course was served to the strains of Spontini's *Olympia*, as befitted the occasion, Wagner's Teutonic *Lohengrin*, Gounod's *Faust*—Germanic art clad in Parisian robes—Weber's *Invitation à la Danse*, and Rossini's *Tell*. The ambrosia and nectar of the repast were truly Olympic, with a touch of barbaric splendour in the genial idea of *Iced Onions*.

Complacently the Emperor evinced his appreciation of the generous fare set before him, and gaily he sipped of the generous wines *pour encourager les autres*, but remained true to the sparkling beverage, at whose source worships Wilfrid the Lawson, whilst confidentially conversing with the Empress, or laughing gaily with the Crown Princess, till two hours had elapsed, and Prince Wied proposed, amidst enthusiastic cheers, the Emperor's health. Thereupon Emperor and Prince shook hands, and the Emperor replied, "with a clear and mighty voice in eloquent speech," pronouncing a eulogy on the Rhine Province and Westphalia. At eight o'clock the banquet was over, and the Imperial guests left the hall, which was forthwith invaded by a host of privileged minor stars to worship at the shrine of the departed divinity, and pluck of the flowers, and taste of the Imperial dishes, and sip of the wine left in the Imperial glasses *in memoriam*'—*zum Andenken*. And as the shades grew darker, and as the lambent flames grew duller and duller after being deprived of the effulgence that gave them being, a voice cried out through the darkling gloom, "Carlyle, Carlyle, where art thou?" But Carlyle answered not, and thus the remaining hour of incomparable illuminations and fireworks must remain unchronicled.

But midst all this maze of exuberant joy the Olympic brain busied itself also with grosser matters, and wisdom dropped from the Imperial lips like honey from the brows of Hymettus, in reply to a deputation from the Crefeld Chamber of Commerce. "And how do matters stand in your town?" asked the Emperor. "How does your business (dry goods) get on?" "We are bent, your Majesty," was the reply; "we are bent, but truly we are not broken." "That is right, gentlemen," responded the Emperor; "we have suffered much from over-production; too much has been produced of late years." But the subject was scarcely congenial to him, and he speedily turned the conversation to the review, expressing his great pleasure on the whole, though of course everything had not been quite perfect—which was natural; otherwise whereunto is Jupiter good?

On the 6th the manœuvres were resumed and carried out to the intense pleasure of the Emperor, whose joy, however, was somewhat diminished by the eagerness of the populace crowding around. At last the nuisance became too great, and Jupiter Effulgens gave way to Jupiter Tonans as the Emperor spurred his horse against the affrighted crowds and cleared his own way with some strong language that melted the marrow in the popular bones; for fleeing right and left the people cried out and lamented, "Alas we are poured out like water; we are consumed in the fire of his wrath." But ere eventide, the shades on the Imperial brow had disappeared, and the *Malkasten*, the Düsseldorf Artists' Club, was honoured by the Imperial presence. A stage had been erected in the saloon, on which appeared the Prussian arms supported by the two typical savages—not, as was mentioned in the opening speech, in all their aboriginal nakedness, but festively clad. One of the "savages" was Professor Camphausen, who made a speech. Thereupon, with pantomimic celerity, the Prussian arms changed into the Imperial eagle, and Camphausen led the Emperor to the tribune erected for him. The curtain was then drawn up, and discovered nine greybeards sitting in a circle in the dim light of dawn. A youth appears, and announces great events. They come in the shape of Germania, armed and accompanied by six pages. After some allegorical eloquence, the scene brightens, a rainbow spans the landscape, and the nine greybeards change into the nine Muses, of whom Clio takes up the thread of the discourse, and reads the Book of History. Then Legend appeared, thickly veiled, and accompanied by Poetry clinging to her. These three described in strophe, anti-strophe, and chorus the scenes that followed. The first represented the earliest age of the Germanic race. Two warriors stood on the look-out by the dreary sea-beat shore near a Hunnic grave. Then other figures appeared; the migration of races was represented, and the scene, becoming more and more animated, closed with tableaux of pagan worship, sword-dances, and athletic sports. A long interval, poetically bridged over by Clio, was supposed to have elapsed when the second scene, in the time of Rudolph von Habsburg, showed two robber knights on the watch, and a caravan of merchants attacked by robbers, who were afterwards brought to a short trial and a speedy shrift by the Emperor holding a court of justice under an oak tree in the Niederwald. The third scene represented a hunt in the seventeenth century, under the Palatine John William of especially local celebrity. The fourth scene represented the War of Freedom and Blücher's passage of the Rhine after Camphausen's celebrated picture. Hereupon Clio read off the last page of her history:—"Illustrious Emperor, thou, who thyself hast written it: Thy great Age will live for ever and for ever in the hearts of the German race." A series of isolated tableaux, a wedding in Alsatia, a vintage feast, disturbed by a thunderstorm symbolical of the war of 1870–71, then closed this part of the entertainment. A fête *al fresco* concluded the day, with illuminations in the gardens along the river Düssel, which was covered with glowing lotos-blossoms, whilst three nymphs sang dulcet strains in a grotto rising in illuminated splendour above the surface of the water. Thus ended the festivities at Düsseldorf. On Saturday there was another review; and then the Imperial *cortége* proceeded to Bruhl, where, in the seclusion of a domestic tea, the Emperor and the Empress were entertained by the inevitable choral societies, whose performance was highly praised in the most gracious terms by the Imperial guests. On Sunday they attended Divine service, the Brühler Choral Society singing Psalm LXV., *Te decet Hymnus*. The service lasted an hour and a-quarter; and as soon as it was over the Emperor immediately retired to work in his study till it was time to dress for the family dinner. In the evening 300 singers arrived from Cologne, and sang a number of songs under the leadership of MM. De Lange and Wenigmann. The performance is represented as perfect; and when the programme was exhausted the Emperor begged for one more song, leaving the choice to the Empress. She chose the "Wacht am Rhein." This was admirably sung, the Emperor declaring that he had heard many beautiful songs, but that this serenade crowned them all. Then, to the

strains of the National Hymn, the high and Imperial and Royal guests retired to rest; and thus concluded the first week of their peregrinatory labours.

THE PROSPECTS OF THE REPUBLIC.

The admirable order maintained at the funeral of M. Thiers on Saturday last is a most reassuring sign for France, the most certain proof which has yet been given that she is at last nearing the end of her century of dynastic troubles, that at last her Government is settling down on a solid and enduring foundation. It was feared that the quarrel over the corpse of the illustrious statesman would culminate in an explosion, that some rash act on the part of some member of the vast throng assembled in Paris on the occasion would furnish a pretext for the interference of the soldiers who were arrayed in threatening force in anticipation, perhaps in hope, of an outbreak. But the populace, cautioned beforehand by the Republican leaders, behaved with exemplary decorum. It was the moderation of conscious strength, the patience of the winning party under the provocation of the losers, and was a most encouraging sign for those who wish well to France. If any doubt existed before whether the Republic represents the cause of order, that doubt must have been dissipated by the spectacle of Saturday. A most unfair construction has been put upon the refusal of Mme. Thiers, acting no doubt under the advice of Republican friends, to accept for her husband's remains the honour of a public funeral from the men who now abuse the name of Government in France. On this side of the Channel it has been very generally condemned as an act of bad taste and unseemly party spirit. But we are convinced that to take such a view of it is to judge affairs in Paris by the conditions of public life existing here. If a distinguished statesman with us were to die in Opposition, and the Government of the day were to offer him a public funeral, it would doubtless be in the worst of taste for his friends to decline the honour except on the condition that they should be the pall-bearers, and the most conspicuous mourners. But then we must remember that no English Ministry could be suspected of trying to make party capital out of such a ceremony. If an English Ministry should try to hold office in violation of the spirit of the Constitution, should silence their most formidable rivals by prosecuting them for speeches delivered at private meetings, and on the eve of a contested election carefully choose the returning officers from among their own partisans, there can be little doubt as to how the Opposition would receive an offer of a public funeral for the most eminent and popular of their leaders; they would either decline it as an insult, or accept it on their own terms—such terms as would test the sincerity of the proffered honour. They would keep in their own hands the power of divesting the ceremony of an unduly party character; they would prefer ensuring for themselves that the solemn feelings proper to the occasion should not be marred by any token of party strife. This is what has been done by the friends of M. Thiers. They had no wish to desecrate his funeral by turning it into a party demonstration; but, on the other hand, they could not consent that it should be turned into a party demonstration against themselves. Their object was to protect the funeral from desecration, and they could not easily have devised a better test of the intentions of the Government than the stipulation that the 363 deputies of the Left should be allowed to form part of the procession. The stipulation, it has been said, was unnecessary. It should have been left to the Government to settle the details of the ceremony. So it ought to have been, and no doubt would have been, if the Government could have been trusted to respect the occasion. But unfortunately their previous career was not of a nature to warrant such confidence. As it was, the procession was much more truly national, and much less likely to raise inharmonious feelings in the vast crowd through which it passed, than if it had been arranged by the Government. There were no official robes among the train of mourners, but their absence must have jarred much less upon the spectators than if he had been borne to his grave unaccompanied by those who shared his labours and his opinions while he was alive.

We ventured to doubt last week whether the death of M. Thiers would prove as great a calamity to the Republican cause as was for the moment feared. The death of an individual leader is dangerous to a cause only when it is beginning to move, not when it has attained its full momentum. Then M. Thiers can hardly be called a leader of Republicanism; he was only an adherent, who gave it the advantage of his immense prestige when it was already on the high-road to success. We can well believe that there are many moderate men who were won over to the Republic by the force of his example, and who looked to him as a security against finding themselves in the company of Revolutionists, but it can hardly be supposed that they will be frightened back by his death into the arms of the Duc de Broglie and Marshal MacMahon. If they are now in search of a leader in whose moderation they can trust, their choice is not likely to fall upon any member of the present Ministry, which has certainly not distinguished itself by discretion since the 16th of May. It is true that within the last fortnight, side by side with their prosecution of M. Gambetta for using inflammatory language, there has been a marked change in their tone. The Marshal has not repeated in his tour in the south-west the menacing language which he used at Evreux. The President of the Republic still carefully refrains from mentioning the hateful name; he still prefers to speak of "the Constitution;" but his language is unmistakeably more conciliatory. "Be assured," he said, in answer to the Mayor of Bordeaux, on Monday, "that peace, which is the first of your needs, will not be disturbed; and when the country shall have answered my appeal, the Constitution, to which you are attached, and of which I will be the faithful guardian, will work without obstruction (*fonctionnera sans entraves*) in order to secure the entire development of national prosperity." If these words mean anything, they mean that the Marshal has decided to accept the first of M. Gambetta's alternatives, *se soumettre*; they mean that if the electors send up a majority in accordance with the views of the 363, he will bow to the decision of the country, and form a new Ministry from the Left. This is the construction put upon his speech by the Republican Press, and also by the population of the Gironde among whom he is making his progress, who have shown a marked increase in cordiality since he thus declared himself.

The reactionists then have not become more pronounced in their hostility to the Republic since the death of M. Thiers. On the contrary, those of them who possess the Marshal's confidence have been confirmed in that approach to the Left Centre which it was said some three weeks ago that the Duke of Broglie was meditating. Since their ill-advised and unprincipled *coup*, every week has brought fresh proofs of the sincerity with which the mass of the people wish for the Republic, and they have resolved to draw back, making a futile effort to cover their retreat with the prosecution of M. Gambetta as a violent incendiary. It is only the furious fanatics, who are dangerous to public order, that they object to; they are perfectly loyal to the Constitution, they never meant to break with moderate Republicans. If the Ministers were elected by the direct suffrage of the people, it is possible that this profession of strict loyalty to the Constitution would gain them a few votes. Marshal MacMahon might possibly be elected President by a plebiscite, upon the strength of the pledges he gave at Bordeaux. But the election is for seats in the Chamber of Deputies, and the shrewd peasants may be expected to show their confidence in the Marshal by voting for the Republican candidates. All along his route the Marshal has been saluted with the cry "Vive MacMahon! Vive la République!" which may be interpreted to mean "Long life to you, *if* you are for the Republic."

INDIAN FAMINE.

The last reports from the Famine districts have been slightly more hopeful than they have been for some time back. The long-wished-for rain has come at last. In the Bombay Presidency the prospects generally have much improved. The Famine at one time threatened to spread over the fertile region of Gujerat, but we trust the abundant rain which fell there last week will save the autumn harvest. In those districts of the Bombay Presidency where the Famine has been most felt for the last six months we regret to say the fall has been somewhat insufficient. North-westwards, beyond the limits of the Bombay Presidencies, in sterile Rajputana, there has been a slight improvement; the prospects in the Punjab are also somewhat better. In the North-West Provinces, and in rich and prosperous Oude, the situation is, however, fast becoming critical. In some parts the rice crop has not even been sown; and whatever crops were sown in the early part of June on non-irrigated lands must long ago have been ruined by the scorching hot winds which have prevailed. But during the last fifteen years considerable attention has been paid to irrigation works in the North-West Provinces, and the extremity of famine under which Southern India now lies will never be again seen in those parts. Looking towards Southern India we find the aspect of affairs far from inspiriting. On Tuesday afternoon the Lord Mayor received a telegram from the Relief Committee at Madras, which concludes as follows:—"English people should understand that without most promising rain distress must continue and intensify till February next. General outlook improving, but nothing decisive can be expected till the coming north-east monsoon proves fair or otherwise." Mr. Pogson, the Government astronomer at Madras, reports that the unusual intensity of the direct solar heat most probably indicates continued deficiency of rainfall over the eastern portion at least of the Madras Presidency. Mr. Pogson has already proved himself an able weather-prophet. It is almost certain that for the rest of the year the efforts of the Government will be taxed to the utmost to save the millions of Southern India from dying of hunger. There has been, it is true, more or less rain all over India, and in some places the fall has been so copious that considerable benefit will be derived from it. But for the greater part of the "famine area" the fall, we fear, comes too late. Whatever rain may come now, there must be great scarcity over large tracts of country, and in some districts absolute famine. All over India prices are rapidly rising, and this means great privation and no little hunger to thousands of the poorer classes.

The *Gazette Extraordinary* published a week ago at Madras describes the new administrative arrangements which have been adopted after a conference between the Viceroy and the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos. The Duke's autocratic propensities have been gratified to the utmost. All Famine questions are to be disposed of by him alone, and his orders are to have the force of Orders in Council. General Kennedy, we are glad to find, is deputed to Madras as personal assistant to the Governor. Sir Philip Wodehouse, the late Governor of Bombay, showed great discrimination in selecting him for the work of grappling with the Bombay Famine. To General Kennedy's untiring energy, and great firmness, and wide and statesmanlike views, the successful management of the Bombay Famine is chiefly due. It is a move in the right direction that all Famine reports shall henceforth go to the Government direct instead of passing through the circuitous channel of the Board of Revenue. The delay and obstruction caused by the Board of Revenue in the management of the Bombay Famine was great, and General Kennedy will no doubt be glad to be freed from their control. The *Gazette Extraordinary* also contains an exposition of Lord Lytton's Famine policy. The Madras Government is to abstain from importing grain or otherwise interfering with private trade. The Bombay Government have adhered strictly to the policy of non-interference with private trade, and the results of this policy have been entirely successful. There are always a certain number of well-meaning but foolish people who are determined to force the Government into turning grain-dealers. These people do not remember that the mere rumour of a Government interference would stop the large consignment of grain which the natives are despatching to the famine-stricken parts. If Government steps in, and distributes grain below the market rates, it is clear that it will not pay traders to import grain at the market rates. Government must face the fact that if it is to supply grain at the cost of the State, traders will cease attempting to supply grain at the market value. This is the bane of anything like interference with the ordinary course of commerce. However, the Madras authorities have proved there is nothing so difficult in the world as to teach people elementary truths. The Viceroy has come to the conclusion, somewhat tardily, that a large system of useful public works under the Public Works supervision should be the backbone of relief. An important work, which employs large numbers, soon gets known, and people go to it direct instead of wandering in search of work. One great aim of proper Famine administration is to segregate and classify the people. The able-bodied should be made to work on public works, where strict supervision and discipline can be enforced; the less capable on works under the civil officers; and those who are incapable of travelling any distance, and incapable of ordinary labour, ought to be employed on trifling works near their villages. The Supreme Government have made a grave blunder, and wasted a good deal of money, in attempting to carry out a scheme of petty works under civil agency. As a heavy calamity compels Government to spend against their wish a very large sum of money on public works, it is far wiser to employ those who can labour on works of whose future beneficial effect in the distressed districts there can be no shadow of doubt, and, apart from their being relief works, are good to carry out for their inherent usefulness.

With respect to private charity, Lord Lytton very wisely thinks it ought to be devoted to useful purposes apart from those taken up by the State, as, for instance, "The relief of people not yet so far reduced as to be obliged to leave their villages or to apply for Government assistance, and the support of orphan and destitute children not reached by the Government agency." The bulk of the money subscribed for the Bengal Famine was swept at last into the public treasury, and the Indian people only benefited by the contributions paid to the Mansion House by an increase in the cash balances of the State. We are happy to find that Lord Lytton does not mean the present subscription to be misapplied in the same manner. The money is not meant to pay the expenses of the Famine, but to aid the sufferers whom the Government cannot reach. The loss by death of their plough and well-bullocks will tell heavily on the farmers. The Relief Committee might come forward to help this crushing burden. Relief ought to be given to the people in such forms as will be most effectual in helping them to help themselves.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH ON AGGRANDISEMENT.

Professor Goldwin Smith's article in the *Fortnightly Review*, on "The Policy of Aggrandisement," is more of the nature of an elaborate prose poem or a thoroughly scaring sermon than a political essay. When a preacher wishes to frighten his audience from a besetting sin, he generally paints that sin and its probable consequences in darker colours than the facts quite justify. Mr. Smith's object is to read us a homily on the danger of being carried away by undue pride in the British Empire—a feeling which he believes to be acquiring a dangerous ascendancy over the national mind, and he draws a picture of the humiliation that the imperial spirit has prepared for nations in the past, which in the

classical finish and sonorous sadness of its periods suggests a reminiscence of Dr. Johnson's 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' Like that excellent poem, Mr. Smith's article is sombre in its hues, mournful in its tone, surcharged with gloom. One sees between the lines a sorrowful vision of the British Lion borne to his last repose, not in a gorgeous hearse with nodding plumes and sleek horses, amidst the tears of nations, but rattled over the stones like a pauper and tossed contemptuously into a ditch. Such, Mr. Smith warns us in language of which it is difficult not to admire the power however much we may dissent from its purport, may be, nay, inevitably will be, the lamentable end of the British Empire, if we yield to the alluring temptations of the imperial spirit.

If Mr. Smith had confined himself to a clear exposure of the shallowness of that narrow shortsighted aggressive Chauvinism which sometimes puts itself forward as an imperial spirit, he would have done good service. The imperial spirit, in so far as it implies a hectoring attitude towards other Powers, a greed of territory for the pride of having wide dominions, an overbearing jealousy of the development of our neighbours, is certainly to be deprecated. No good can come of it, as our friends across the Channel have been taught in more than one severe lesson within the present century. Writers and orators who encourage it do not deserve well of their country. But it is quite possible to carry denunciation of the imperial spirit, like other good works, to excess, to excite by exaggerated deprecation as well as by inflammatory stimulation. There is a want of measure in Mr. Smith's sermon against the policy of aggrandisement. It is quite true that our territories are now so large, so widely scattered, and make such demands upon our powers of administration, that any addition to them can hardly be justified except on the plea of overwhelming necessity. That is a sufficiently sound principle by which to try any new proposal of annexation; but it does not follow that a resolution to annex can have no motive except greed of empire or an unworthy jealousy of a rival Power. What does Mr. Smith mean by saying that the control of the overland route to India "would oblige us to flaunt the flag of our domination in the faces of all the dwellers on the Mediterranean?" This is to assume that we take possession of Egypt from mere wanton pride, and to show other nations that we are their lords and masters; it implies also that they as well as we are on the watch for the prize when we step in and secure it. If our object in taking possession of Egypt was to shut the gates of its thoroughfare to the East, and to exclude the enterprise and commerce of every other nation from the Nile valley and the countries beyond, we might then be said to "flaunt the flag of our domination." But with such purposes as we have in view, which coincide perfectly with the interests of the people of Egypt, and are in no way antagonistic to the legitimate interests of other nations, wild talk about the flag of our domination has little meaning and may do much mischief. Again, to argue that, if we take Egypt, we must proceed to take Eastern Africa, Syria, and possibly Crete, is a well-known form of Conservative objection to every proposal of change, taking for granted that we do not know where to stop. And if the occupation of Egypt should give such a dangerous impulse to the policy of aggrandisement, it is not quite fair to lay all the blame upon "the fatal Canal;" the expediency of securing the isthmus transit to India would have been almost the same if the Canal had never existed.

Although Mr. Smith speaks of our acquiring over Egypt whatever control may be deemed necessary in our legitimate interests as if it were highway robbery, he yet, strange to say, "puts the question of morality aside" as he proceeds, and admits that "it does not present itself in a very serious form, so far as the occupation of Egypt is concerned." "The Khedive is, to the mass of his unhappy subjects, not a national sovereign, but an alien oppressor, whose dominion has no foundation but brute force, and whose power is exercised without the slightest regard for the welfare of the people. Anybody who can is morally at liberty to overturn him, and relieve the victims of his oppression. There can be no doubt that English government, however it might affect the destinies of the country in the end, would at present be an enormous change for the better. Nor is it easy to see who could cast a stone at us." "The general concurrence of the Powers, at all events, if it could be obtained, might relieve us from any misgivings on that score." Why, then, talk of flaunting the flag of our domination in their faces? We cannot understand why, when Mr. Smith found that the question of morality could be put aside, he did not go back and cancel some of the preceding sentences in his article. However, he does put morality aside, and proceeds to discuss the annexation of Egypt, for he assumes that no control short of annexation would answer our purpose, on the ground of its material and spiritual advantage. In much that Mr. Smith has to say as to the spiritual dangers of coming in contact with an inferior race as the despotic rulers of their destinies, we heartily concur, though we should be inclined to point out to Mr. Smith a sentence in which he states the plain fact that the sense of superiority must be confined to those few of the ruling race that play the game, as a suggestion that here, too, he is exaggerating danger, not to mention that he overlooks the extent to which this despotic habit engendered in those who trade and rule in our dependencies is tempered by the more wholesome influences of life at home. In some other particulars where Mr. Smith is discussing the amount of good that we have done in India, he shows a gratuitous and unprofitable tendency to exaggerate our evil deeds and underrate our real services. The opium traffic, for example, is not a branch of trade in which we can feel much pride, but that is no reason why Mr. Smith should describe us as forcing it upon the Chinese, and declare that the Chinese Government, though semi-barbarous, has a paternal and sincere desire "to save the souls and bodies of its people from the hellish drug." For one thing, the drug is not so utterly hellish; for another, there seems to be hardly a Government official, from the sacred Emperor downwards, who does not smoke it; for a third, the paternal Government permits opium-growing within its own boundaries. It is true there is a law of Draconian severity against opium-growing, but the very severity of the law shows that it is not meant to be enforced, and as a matter of fact it never is enforced, but is practically a dead letter. In describing the benefits of British rule to India, Mr. Smith is equally unfair and gloomily defiant of facts. "Regarded from the Indian point of view," he says, "Akbar was probably not less beneficent than a Viceroy, and whatever improvements he might effect would be more likely to adhere to the soil." The sentence is so far qualified by the reservation of the Indian point of view. Akbar is the ideal sovereign of India, and it is impossible to say whether the native population would regard his persecution of the Mussulmans, and his habit of carrying a poisoning box from which he politely gave pills to his enemies, as a blot upon his character. But the permanency of his reforms is matter of history, and it is simply the fact that they were framed without regard to the nature and habits of his subjects, and that they did not "adhere to the soil." In one of the accusations which Mr. Smith brings against British rule in India, the consistency of his pessimism becomes almost comical. He admits that our rule has brought greater security to India, that the people have been saved from the devastation of incessant wars. But, he asks, have we not thereby increased the danger of famine to a helpless and shiftless population, multiplying without limit in this "calm but enfeebling security," and may not this be an instance of the mischief of "interfering with the course of nature in other countries?"

But then Mr. Smith holds that not only has our rule been a doubtful blessing to the people of India: it is also a source of weakness to ourselves. Now it is an open question, as Mr. Grant Duff admitted in his recent 'Notes on India,' whether, if we had the annexation of India to do over again, we ought not to resist the temptation

and turn our strength in other directions; whether, that is, the capital and energy that have been poured into India might not have been more profitably spent upon our colonies. But the thing is done now; we are there, we have put our hands to the plough, and even Mr. Smith admits that we cannot think of withdrawing. This being so, there is little to be gained by dwelling upon the weakness of our position, except with a view to finding out how it can be strengthened or made more tolerable. But if weak points do exist, it surely serves no purpose to aggravate our discontent by conjuring up imaginary disadvantages through the medium of perverted historical parallels. "Does conquest," Mr. Smith asks, "bring strength to England? That is the most obvious question, and for the ordinary advocates of aggrandisement the most important. To the Roman it brought strength, because it brought him both tribute and military contingents; to the Spaniard it brought tribute, with which his armies were paid." For the ordinary—or rather, we should hope, the extraordinary—advocates of aggrandisement, this may be very well; but it is rather a paradox for the plain politician that the fact that we exact no tribute from our dependencies should be considered a source of weakness. We have rather been accustomed to consider this as a source of strength. In the gloomy picture which Mr. Smith draws of the decay that threatens the British Empire from the analogy of Rome and Spain, he steadily ignores the great difference in the objects with which we have embarked on conquest and colonisation, and in our relations with colonies and dependencies. We do not want tribute from our dependencies; we are perfectly willing and able to pay our expenses of administration and national defence; what we covet is an outlet for our surplus capital and surplus energy, an outlet which does not exhaust and impoverish, but, on the contrary, invigorates and enriches. Mr. Smith writes too much in the spirit of those against whose doctrines he protests. It is quite true that the strength of England must always lie in herself, but it is a fallacy which we should have supposed lingered only in the minds of the most antiquated Protectionists to suppose that the strength of England is diminished by the extension of her enterprise and commerce. If Mr. Smith says that enterprise and commerce might have been extended without assuming the responsibilities of administration in other lands, that may or may not be; but taking things as they are, it can hardly be disputed that the exclusion of our enterprise and commerce from India would be a blow severely felt at home. To say that it would have been wiser to be more restricted in the scope of our energies is not to the purpose when we are considering how to secure ourselves against such a catastrophe. Mr. Smith would have done more good if, instead of throwing a gloom over the consideration of the necessary steps for obtaining security, and prophesying against them as aggrandisement, he had exposed the evils of senseless aggrandisement and directed his denunciation against the short-sighted selfishness which would try to secure itself by thwarting the development of other nations and sowing the seeds of ill-will. As it is, his article can only be looked upon as a private indulgence in the luxury of foreboding, to the embarrassment of those who are trying to keep aggrandisement within wise and legitimate limits.

THE BOLTON STRIKE.

It is now sixteen days since the Bolton cotton-spinners struck work on a question of pay. As has already happened in the case of the Clyde shipwrights and the London masons, each party to the Bolton dispute has hanged his opponent first, and sat in judgment upon him afterwards. The masters, after private discussion of the men's suggestions, resolve that they cannot give way; the men are egged on by writers like Mr. George Potter and "J. W. F.," to fight to the last, on the ground that, "under the circumstances, theirs is the only reasonable proposal." When, therefore, Mr. Potter wisely counsels arbitration, he means that the masters must surrender unconditionally. If this is the spirit of conciliation, it is to be feared that the prospects of peace are remote indeed. It happens that the men are in a far better position to sustain the trials of a strike—and, it may be, of a lock-out—than they were in 1861, when they lived on the contributions of their friends for a space of six weeks, or in September 1874, when Mr. J. A. Russell, Q.C., ended their brief warfare of ten days by an award in favour of the masters. In 1861, the contributions from their brethren in the trade were mostly voluntary, and their organisation was in its infancy. Now, the larger portion of their very comfortable strike-pay is derived from a regular tribute, the burden of which is shared by forty district branches of one of the most powerful industrial associations in England—an association which, in Bolton alone, numbers nearly 16,000 members. The point at issue between the millowners and the operatives was the same in 1861 and 1874 as now—viz., a five per cent. reduction in wages. In the former year the men were compelled to yield after a lock-out which cost nearly 80,000*l*. Last year the masters surrendered the advantage they gained in 1874. The men no doubt think they can more easily carry their point this time. At any rate, they appear to be more fully provided with the sinews of war than they have ever been before.

The prospect of a prolonged strike in the Bolton district is all the more disappointing considering the simplicity of the question in dispute, and the emergence, within the last day or two, of a common ground of arbitration. The men allow the masters' contention that over-production has necessitated some reduction in wages. That is an important concession to begin with. It is only when the method of reduction comes to be considered that any disagreement arises. The masters wish to reduce the rate of pay, while keeping their mills working at full time; the men, to maintain the present rate, while letting the machinery lie idle for a sixth part, or thereabout, of the working day. In either case the operatives would have to submit to a large deduction from their usual weekly total of pay. They only prefer being fried with one sauce rather than with another, though practically it would appear to matter little or nothing which particular sauce was to be applied. To the masters, however, it matters, as they allege, a great deal. They argue that money may surely be invested in "plant," as well as in stocks and shares; that idle machinery therefore means idle, *i.e.* unproductive, capital, upon which they will be obliged to pay interest and insurance charges. It is also said on their behalf that partial time implies loss on account of the recipients of fixed salaries. The inconvenience borne by the masters would be proportionally far greater than that borne by the men. Every operative will admit the force of the argument, as regards a normal condition of the trade. He would perhaps also admit that even during a slack period of business the short-time system may prove wasteful. For example, the more frequent necessity of getting machinery put in order for work implies loss of both time and fuel. The driver of a locomotive engine knows that to keep his fires burning, even when his engine is not at work, is a less wasteful plan than to light them when the machine is wanted. But the men may contend that beyond a certain limit the long-time system must become wasteful, and on the very ground admitted by the employers themselves, viz., over-production, in other words, excess of supply over demand. To persist in manufacturing goods for customers who refuse to buy would be simply to intensify the evil. The force of this argument would be self-evident, supposing this were a case of permanent decline in the trade. But the millowners believe that the present depression is merely temporary; they share the common hopefulness in a revival of industry generally; in which case they would naturally prefer to go on manufacturing stock in readiness for the inevitable demand. In justice to the masters it must be allowed that this is a policy in which they have often persevered, though to their own immediate disadvantage. It is obvious that

while wages were maintained at the old rate, notwithstanding a decline in the demand, the operatives were the sole gainers. Furthermore, if the hope of a revival of trade be well grounded, it may follow that the operatives are surrendering their rights to participate in future profits when they offer—as they do now—to refrain, for two years, from seeking an advance on the late rate of wages. On the whole, there appears to be much cogency in the masters' position when they reason, in effect, that a substitution of short time for short rate would do them considerable harm, without doing the workmen any good. It must also be said for them that they are manifesting a less unconciliatory spirit than such representatives of the workman class as Mr. George Potter. Mr. Potter is simply doing his best to set class against class, when he tells the Bolton spinners and weavers that theirs is the "only reasonable proposal," and that masters never, if by hook or by crook they can prevent it, repay one concession by another. The fierce kites are not all on one side, nor the gentle doves either. Nor is Mr. Potter's second imputation in closer harmony with facts. There is no more healthy sign of the future of Trades Unionism than the readiness and good temper with which, in some of the most fully developed associations, the masters have repeatedly accepted defeat. We do not see what good Mr. Potter can possibly expect from his proposed arbitration, if the workmen are to enter upon it with a preconceived idea that the masters wish to overreach them. And yet arbitration offers the only peaceful means of solving the present difficulty. The present struggle also furnishes a good opportunity for the establishment of a permanent representative board of workmen and employers, such as we have been advocating of late. Indeed, the Trades Union Congress, which meets at Leicester on Monday next, could render no more useful service to its cause than to urge with all its eloquence and ingenuity the universal adoption of the system.

Meanwhile, "A Millowner's" letter in last Monday's *Times* contains a remarkable suggestion which both sides in the present dispute might take into consideration. The writer says, "The last reduction of the working hours in my mill was from sixty hours to fifty-six. . . . Since that time the wages of the whole of the workers, paid weekly, have fallen fifteen per cent., and with this result—that at the bare hire spinning rates I would yet need five per cent. more off the wages to make me as well off as I was previously to the last legislation. It is vain, with France running seventy-two hours, and Germany and India pressing on us in the race, to talk of short time. . . . I hope yet to live to see the day when we shall work our people shorter hours and our machines longer. *I have no hesitation in saying that if a cotton-mill could be run by two sets of hands, each working forty-eight hours a week, the millowner could even now pay each set as much wages for the forty-eight hours as he pays now for fifty-six hours.*" Does the proposal in the sentence which we have italicised meet the case of the Bolton masters and operatives alike? Is it possible, by adopting the system of double shifts, to concede to the Bolton workmen their short time, and to the masters their full time? The double-shift system has succeeded very well in the case of juvenile "hands," and it is difficult to see why it should not answer equally well in the case of the seniors. Let it be added that the nation at large is interested, like "A Millowner," in seeing "the day when we shall work our people shorter hours, and our machines longer." It is interested in educating its masters; but education requires leisure, which the working classes have not, and it may be, as Mr. W. R. Greg fears, never will have. Our "Millowner" is apparently a less pessimistic person than Cassandra. His suggestion, moreover, is in complete harmony with a new spirit, whose workings are becoming very perceptible among the working classes. The active share which the working classes are now taking in the establishment of art museums, and exhibitions, free libraries, and the like, is, indeed, one of the most pleasant and significant signs of the day.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE PRESS.

It seems to have struck many people that, in spite of the dulness of trade, of which the ever-grumbling Englishman with some reason now complains, there has never been so large a birth of new newspapers as during the last year or two. Those also who are more or less in the secrets of cheap journalism know that some few years back, when the revenue and the national income were rising by leaps and bounds, there were curious rumours as to the insolvency of various journals; whereas now, amid the universal stagnation, the hoardings are covered with advertisements of every size, shape, and colour, and journalists by no means look as if their business was at all damaged by the same causes as made manufacturers look gloomy and farmers shake their heads. The reason is very simple, but, like many simple reasons, it does not seem to be generally understood even by those whom it most concerns. The secret is this—newspaper proprietors are practically people with fixed incomes. We all know, by the teachings of political economy, that a general rise in prices, though it gives an apparent momentary prosperity to a nation, has no permanent effect, except in depreciating the incomes of annuitants or persons in receipt of fixed sums from investments or otherwise. Now the proprietor of a penny newspaper (the matter concerns penny newspapers more closely than others) receives a certain sum from the sale of his newspaper as long as that sale does not fluctuate. On the other hand, a rise in prices acts on the necessaries for producing a paper in exactly the same way as on all other goods, and paper, wages, &c., advance in fairly exact accordance with the depreciation of gold. Of course it is true that high prices often give an appearance of great prosperity, as was the case a few years back, and the sale of a newspaper may increase, and the advertisements probably will increase, during that period. But the increase of sale, as is well known, is hardly remunerative to a daily paper, and the increase of advertisements (even granting that a rise of prices might temporarily cause it) in no way makes up for the loss otherwise sustained. To give an example. It is commonly stated that, since the great gold discoveries, the value of a sovereign has diminished about one-fifth; in a word, that twenty shillings will now buy as much only as sixteen shillings would some thirty years ago. A newspaper, let us say, received 300*l.* per diem for its sale at the earlier period (we may omit the accidental influence of the stamp and paper duties), and 200*l.* for its advertisements; its expenses were 250*l.* for paper and 200*l.* for wages, literature, &c., leaving a profit of 50*l.* a day. At the end of the period of diminished value of gold it receives an additional sum of 50*l.* for its advertisements (an exorbitantly high estimate), while its expenses will have increased to 540*l.* per day, leaving a bare margin of profit.

The reason of this is not far to seek. If our coinage were a minutely fractional one, and such fractions were in daily use, a newspaper proprietor could, and no doubt would, increase the price of his paper from ten centimes to twelve, or whatever price would compensate him for his increased expenses. But the British penny is a convenient talisman, and there are thousands of people who would pay a penny without grumbling when gold had risen to two-thirds of its former value, who would consider themselves very hardly treated by being charged 1½*d.*, if gold, instead of rising, had fallen to an equal extent.

This, then, is the real secret of the prosperity of newspaper proprietors during the past few years, and it would really seem as if a period of moderate distress, such as frequently accompanies a reaction from inflated prices, best served the purposes of the penny papers (those above that price have of course a much greater power of varying their price). It is quite certain that during the last five years the sale of papers in the aggregate has not fallen off (it has probably augmented); and the advertisements, though not increasing, have scarcely diminished. Against this we have to set a considerable

reduction in paper, a downward instead of an upward tendency in wages, and a reduction *in posse* in the cost of literary contribution, for, though newspapers have not reduced their scale of payments, it is quite certain that the presence of half a dozen willing to write for one who would before must in time have that effect, hard as it may be on the generation who think literary work more elegant than stone-breaking or any other equally remunerative employment. The reduction in the price of paper is no doubt partially accidental, as the increase was largely owing to the Carlist War shutting up the provinces whence most of the material was then drawn; but of course it is quite certain that in the long run the price of paper, as of all else, as expressed in terms of gold, will vary according to the amount of gold in the country; and it may be mentioned that the value of the raw material is a comparatively small item (not more than one-third) in the total cost of paper, the cost of fabrication being the main element, and this of course depends chiefly on the rate of wages.

The best thing that could happen to newspaper proprietors would therefore probably be a slight and gradual increase of the value of gold. Men, especially Englishmen, would not find out for a long time that their penny was more valuable than formerly, and the habit of reading is now so ingrained among all classes that they would sooner stint themselves than not get their beloved paper. A sudden bound, either up or down, would probably lead to the ruin of several papers and to the survival of those which altered their price to one halfpenny or twopence; a slighter rise in the value of gold would perhaps cause the extinction of the weaker brethren, while the stronger ones would either weather the storm, as they did a few years back, or, if they found the struggle too hard, would prefer the less violent means of a reduction in size. In any case, we have written enough to show that journalists ought to pray that Australia and California may be gradually exhausted, and that the unconscionable enterprise of the all-pervading Britisher may not lead to the discovery of fresh gold-fields in places hitherto undreamt of.

MAKING ENDS MEET IN THE PAST.

Without taking upon ourselves to dispute the general truth of Mr. Tennyson's dictum, that

> A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,

we venture to hope that such of our readers as groan under the difficulty of making both ends meet now, may derive a melancholy entertainment from being reminded with what comparative ease the feat was accomplished a hundred years ago. In this hope we are encouraged by the reflection that in grumbling there is a certain bitter sweetness, always more or less toothsome—at least to Englishmen. And there is certainly nothing better calculated to produce grumbling than the recollection that things were not always so bad as they now are.

With this view, then, we have taken the liberty to cull, from the notes of an edition of Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,' published in the year 1807, and before that immortal classic had been mauled by Lord Macaulay's *bête noire*, Mr. Croker, some particulars of the mode of life of a Mr. Peregrine Langton, who died in the year 1766, and was the uncle of Johnson's friend, Bennet Langton. Mr. Peregrine Langton is perhaps scarcely a fair example to choose, for even by his cotemporaries he was regarded as no ordinary economist. He lived "in plenty and elegance upon an income which to many would have appeared indigent, and to most scanty," even in those days, when of course money was relatively far more valuable than it is now. But though Mr. Peregrine Langton was unquestionably an adept in the art of making both ends meet, there is no room to doubt that his cotemporaries could have done what he did, if they had chosen to take the pains. As an instance, then, of what could be done on a small income little more than a hundred years ago, his example is worth citing. Mr. Langton's entire income consisted of a life annuity of 200*l.* per annum, and a yearly sum of 18*l.*, which was paid him for board and lodging by his sister, who, with her daughter, resided in his house. He lived in Lincolnshire, "a county which was not more than moderately cheap," and he paid for his house and two or three small fields which lay round it a rent of 28*l.* From these fields he derived no "further assistance towards his housekeeping than grass for his horses (not hay, for that I know he bought) and for two cows." Indeed, says his nephew, "I have reason to think he lost by them." We take him, then, with an income of 218*l.*, minus 28*l.* which he paid for a house and three fields which were rather a source of loss than of profit to him. Upon this income of something less than 190*l.* he maintained in "plenty and elegance" himself and his sister and niece, and in plenty, if not in elegance, two maid-servants, and a couple of men in livery, to whom he would often make "presents above their wages;" and "it is remarkable," says his nephew, "that he would permit their relations to visit them, and stay at his house two or three days at a time." Nevertheless, though thus indulgent to those whom he employed, he did not think it necessary, nor apparently was it, to stint himself in anything. "His common way of living, at his table, was three or four dishes; the appurtenances to his table were neat and handsome;" (and, wonder of wonders) "he frequently entertained company at dinner, and then his table was as well served with as many dishes as were usual at the tables of the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. His own appearance as to clothes was genteel, neat, and plain. He had always a post-chaise, and kept three horses." The amount of beer which he allowed for his household of seven persons was a hogshead a month; and on the servants complaining that it was not enough, he had "the quantity of a hogshead put into bottles, and distributed it out every day, eight quarts, which is the quantity each day at one hogshead a month;" and he told his servants that if that was not enough they should have more; but "by this method it appeared at once that the allowance was much more than sufficient for his small family." Whether any additional drink besides the eight quarts was allowed on the occasions when his servants' relations used to visit them, and stay in his house for two or three days, we are not informed, but no doubt there was. It is only what we should expect from an economist so liberal.

But though he did not, as we have seen, "practise any extraordinary degree of parsimony," he managed always to have "a sum of money lying by him for any extraordinary expenses that might arise." Some he "put into the Stocks," some he spent in the purchase of his "household furniture and his linen, of which latter he had a very ample store," and, says his nephew, "as I am assured by those who had very good means of knowing, not less than the tenth part of his income was set apart for charity." At his death he left in the Stocks a sum of 150*l.*, and in his house was found also a sum of 25*l.*, with directions that it should be expended in charity. How happy would many of us be nowadays if, on an income of 218*l.*, we could have a house in the country with a few fields, keep in "plenty and elegance" a sister and a niece, two maids and two men-servants, three horses and two cows, entertain frequently company at dinner, and leave 150*l.* to sorrowing relatives and 25*l.* to the poor!

Dr. Johnson rightly considered Mr. Peregrine Langton as a marvel of an economist. And yet Johnson himself, at an earlier period of his life, had been pretty successful in the art of making a little money go a very long way. Speaking of the time when he first came up to London, in the year 1737, and lodged at the house of "Mr. Norris, a staymaker, in Exeter Street, adjoining Catherine Street, Strand," he says: "I dined very well for eightpence, with very good company, at the 'Pine Apple,' in New Street, just by. Several of them had travelled. They expected to meet every day; but did not know one another's names. It used to cost the rest a shilling, for they drank wine; but I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter

a penny; so I was well served—nay, better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing." What sort of wine "the rest" drank, and how much they got for fivepence—because we suppose they must have had a pennyworth of bread with their meat—the "sage," we regret to say, does not inform us; but we should imagine it must have been "wine from the wood," and with a strong flavour thereof.

Johnson's Offellus in the 'Art of Living in London' was an Irish painter whose name unfortunately has not survived, but who, if only one swallow were acknowledged to make a summer, would by his mode of life have cleared his race of the imputation of extravagance under which they labour, and lifted them in the estimation of the world to a pinnacle of parsimony even higher than that occupied by the economical Scotch. This gentleman, speaking after long experience of life in London, declared that "thirty pounds a-year was enough to enable a man to live without being contemptible." He allowed 10*l.* a year for clothes and "linen"—the paper collar had not then been invented. "He said a man might live in a garret at eighteen-pence a week; few people would inquire where he lodged, and if they did, it was very easy to say, 'Sir, I am to be found at such a place.' By spending threepence in a coffee-house, he might be for some hours every day in very good company." For dinner he allowed sixpence, as amply sufficient. Breakfast—of bread and milk—would cost a penny; and supper was disposed of by the simple expedient of going without it. "On *clean-shirt day* he went abroad and paid visits." Johnson says of this frugal friend, whose mode of life he did not like to hear ridiculed, "He was a very sensible man, who perfectly understood common affairs; a man of great knowledge of the world, fresh from life, not strained through books." Boswell, writing between thirty and forty years afterwards, says:—"Double the money might now with difficulty be sufficient" to enable a man to live in the way in which this Irishman lived. How much more would be required now, may be to some extent estimated by an examination of one item of his expense—his penny breakfast of bread and milk. If a man were to make his breakfast of bread and milk only, he would require, if he were a healthy man with a fair appetite, at least a pint of milk, which would now cost him threepence, and at the least as much bread as would now cost him twopence. He would therefore pay for his modest refection nearly as much as Johnson used to pay for his cut of meat. Fortunately, other things have not risen in price in the same proportion, as otherwise an income of 240*l.* a year would be required to enable a man to lead the straitened life which this Irish painter, "without being contemptible," managed to lead on 30*l.* But we know that this is not so, and the reason is that, with the exception of food, and perhaps house rent, the cost of every other necessary of life is *relatively* far less than it used to be. But even on 240*l.* a man nowadays might find it hard to enjoy the privilege which this person was able to obtain for threepence—of being for "some hours every day in very good company." The coffee-house of our ancestors unhappily is extinct in this country; and although we see it still flourishing at the other side of the Channel, we do not seem to be able to do with it as we have done with other things that had at one time become extinct amongst us—the capercailsie, for example, and the so-called "Scotch fir"—reintroduce and acclimatise it amongst us.

So that, all things considered, perhaps this Irish painter, who, in the early part of the last century, got on, in his own estimation, so well on 30*l.* a year, is still to be envied, as most certainly is Mr. Peregine Langton, who, thirty years later, lived in "plenty and elegance" on 218*l.*, with his sister and niece, and his four servants. At any rate, we hope that the particulars of their lives, which we have ventured to quote, may prove entertaining to the members of a generation to whom the struggle for existence is every day becoming more severe, and many of whom are inclined at times of despondency to fancy that, in spite of Australian meat and the promised aid from American stock-breeders, it will not be possible to make both ends meet much longer.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

Many a young Englishman must have been shocked, even in these iconoclastic days, to find his patron saint turned into a vulgar Cappadocian baker, with no character to speak of. The coming generation are more fortunate, for together with the reappearance of St. George's effigy on the gold coin of the realm comes a treatise by a learned Frenchman—M. Clermont Ganneau—which puts the remote antiquity of the saint, dragon and all, beyond question. The discovery was made as follows:—Amongst some Egyptian antiquities which had laid for over twelve years neglected in the Museum of the Louvre, M. Ganneau found a group in *bas-relief*, representing a cavalier on horseback, dressed in Roman armour, and slaying a crocodile with a spear. But for the fact that the rider has a hawk's head, the group might easily have been mistaken for the traditional combat of St. George and the Dragon; but the ornithological appurtenance identifies it as "The Combat of Horus against Set or Typhon," in the well-known Egyptian legend; the remarkable circumstance about the present effigy of the God being that he is mounted on a horse, an animal that elsewhere plays no part whatever in Egyptian mythology. Now this *bas-relief*, belonging though it does to a late period of Egyptian art, affords evidence of the interesting fact that the familiar cavalier with his lance, slaying the eccentric saurian reptile, is lineally descended from the Horus of the Egyptians. Following out this clue to the antiquity of the legend, M. Ganneau has brought to light some most startling proofs of the connexion between the Eastern and Western mythologies. The cult of St. George was located chiefly at Lydda (Diospolis), which, with Eshdod (Azotus) and Arsouf (Appolonia), formed the chief group of towns in Philistia, the seat of the worship of Dagon, the fish-god. An Arabic tradition mentioned by the commentators on the Koran says that the Messiah will slay the Antichrist (*Dajjál*) at Lydda. At Lydda, too, St. George is worshipped to this day by the Arabs, under his Muslim name of Khizr. It is impossible not to remark the close connexion between the word Dajjal and Dajján, the Arabic version of the name Dagon; and the existence of the shrine of Khizr in the same neighbourhood brings us on another step, and shows that the legend St. George and the Dragon and Bel and Dagon are one and the same thing. It follows also, from what has gone before, that they are identical with that of Horus and Typhon. But Phenician inscriptions mention a similar combat, when the victorious hero is called Reseph or Arsouph (the name of the third town in the group), and sometimes *Reseph Mikel*. This Reseph is also called in the bilingual inscriptions of Cyprus *Apollon-Amyklaios*, while on the other hand the name, by a change exactly similar to that which transforms Anata into Athene, becomes Perseus, the hero of the combat with the sea monster and the rescuer of Andromeda. *Mikel* or *Amyklaios*, again, cannot fail to recal the Archangel Michael who also slays the old dragon. We therefore have evidence, as clear and convincing as evidence from deduction can be, that the Egyptian Horus and Typhon, the Greek Perseus and Andromeda, the Bel and Dagon of the Apocrypha, the St. Michael and the dragon of Christian legend, are one and the same with our own St. George. We pass over M. Gannean's ingenious arguments as to the real meaning of the symbolism of the worship of Dagon the fish-god, as well as the intermediate steps by which he reconciles the divergent names and qualities of the personages identified. At any rate, his "Horus and St. George" is very welcome, not only as a rehabilitation of a much-abused national saint, but as a very remarkable elucidation of a complicated mythological problem.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FURTHER LOOKINGS BACK.

What was it, then, this feeling of inexplicable unrest and anxiety that possessed us as we drew near Niagara? Was it the fear of being disappointed? Was it the fear of being overawed? Or was it that mysterious vagus nerve catching something of the vibration that the vast cataracts sent shuddering through the land?

It was a blazing hot day; and the two scraggy horses were painfully hauling the rumbling old omnibus up a steep and dusty hill to the Clifton House hotel. Through the small window we could look down into the deep gorge; and there were no foaming rapids, but a deep, narrow, apparently motionless river of a singularly rich green colour. It was an opaque solid green—not unlike sealing-wax—and the smooth shining surface had here and there a bold swirl of white. Then the sides of the gorge showed masses of ruddy rocks and green trees; and there was the brilliant blue overhead: altogether—a German lithograph.

But why this curious unrest, while as yet the Falls were far away and out of sight? Well, there were two of us in that little omnibus who once upon a time saw a strange thing, never to be forgotten. We had climbed up from Chamounix to the small hostelry of Montanvert. We were going down the rugged little mountain-path to cross the Mer de Glace. But where the great glacier lay in the high valley, and all over that, and all beyond that, nothing was visible but a vague grey mist that seemed to be enclasping the world. We stumbled on through the cold, damp atmosphere, until we found before us the great masses of ice in their spectral greens and whites. I think it was just about this time, when we had reached the edge of the glacier, that we were suddenly arrested by a wonderful sight. Right overhead, as it were, and far above the floating seas of mist, gleamed a wild break of dazzling blue; and far into this—so far away that the very distance seemed awful—rose a series of majestic peaks, their riven sides sparkling with sunlit snows. It was a terrible thing to see. All around us the solemn world of ice and shadows: above us the other, and silent, and bewildering world of light, with those glittering peaks cleaving the blue as if they would pierce to the very throne of Heaven. The phantasmal fog-clouds went this way and that, taking strange shapes as they floated over the glacier and showed us visionary glimpses of the lower mountains; but there was neither cloud, nor fog, nor mist in that distant dome, and the giant peaks stood unapproachable there in their lonely and awful splendour. To have seen this sight once is a thing to be remembered during a man's lifetime; it is an experience that perhaps few of us would care to repeat. Was this strange unrest, then, a sensation of fear? Did we shrink from the first shock of a sight that might be too terrible in its majesty?

If that were so, we were speedily reassured. Through this port-hole of a window we caught a glimpse of something white and grey; and, as we recognised from many pictures the American Falls, it was with a certain sense of comfort that we knew this thing to be graspable. And as we got further along, the beautiful, fair, calm picture came better into view; and it seemed to be fitting that over this silent sheet of white water, and over the mass of dark rocks and trees beyond, there should be a placid pale blue summer sky. Further on we go, and now we come in sight of something vaster—but still placid, and beautiful, and silent. We know from the deep indentation and the projection in the middle that these are the Horse-Shoe Falls; and they seem to be a stupendous semicircular wall, of solid and motionless stalactites, with a touch of green at the summit of the mighty pillars of snow. We see no motion, we hear no sound; they are as frozen falls, with the sunlight touching them here and there, and leaving their shadows a pale grey. But we knew that this vast white thing was not motionless; for in the centre of that semicircle rose a great white column of vapour, softly spreading itself abroad as it ascended into the pale blue sky, and shutting out altogether the dark table-land beyond the high line of the Falls. And as we got out of the vehicle, and walked down towards the edge of the precipice, the air around us was filled with a low and murmuring sound, soft, continuous, muffled, and remote; and now we could catch the downward motion of these falling volumes of water, the friction of the air fraying the surface of the heavy masses into a soft and feathery white. There was nothing here that was awful and bewildering; but a beautiful, graceful spectacle—the white surface of the descending water looking almost lace-like in its texture—that accorded well with the still pale blue of the sky overhead. It was something to gaze on with a placid and sensuous satisfaction; perhaps because the continuous, monotonous murmur of sound was soothing, slumberous, dreamlike.

But Bell's quick eye was not directed solely to this calm and beautiful picture. She saw that Lady Sylvia was disturbed and anxious.

"Had we not better go into the hotel at once?" said she. "There is no use trying to see Niagara in a minute. It has to be done systematically. And besides there may be letters waiting for us."

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Lady Sylvia; and then she added seriously—as if her whole thoughts had been centred on the Falls—"It is a very hopeful thing that we have not been disappointed at the first sight. They say nearly everyone is. I daresay it will be some days before we get to understand the grandeur of Niagara."

"My dear Lady Sylvia," said one of us, as we were all walking up to the hotel, "you might spend thirty years here in such weather as this without knowing anything of the grandeur of Niagara. There is no mysticism possible with a pale blue sky. I will endeavour to expound this matter to you after luncheon——"

"Gott bewahre!" exclaims the German, flippantly.

"—— and I will show you that the size of any natural object has nothing to do with the effect it produces on the mind. I will show you how, with a proper atmospheric effect, an artist could make a more impressive picture of an insignificant island off the coast of Mull than he could if he painted Mont Blanc, under blue skies, on a canvas fifty feet square. The poetry of nature is all a question of atmosphere; failing that you may as well fall back on a drawing-master's notion of the picturesque—a broken mill-wheel and a withered tree. My dear friends ——"

"Perhaps you will explain to us, then," said Bell, not caring how she interrupted this valuable lecture, "how, if we can put grandeur into anything by waiting till a little mist and gloom gets round it—if there is nothing in size at all—how we were so foolish as to come to Niagara at all? What did we come for?"

"I really don't know."

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* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

"He is only talking nonsense, Bell!" says a sharper voice; and we reach the hotel.

But there are no letters.

"I thought not," says Queen T., cheerfully; as if news from England was a matter of profound indifference to every one of us. "But there is no hurry. There is no chance of our missing them, as we shall be here some days."

"I suppose they will have some English newspapers here?" suggested Lady Sylvia, just as if she had been in Brussels or Cologne.

"I should think not. If there are any, they will be old enough. What do you want with English newspapers, Lady Sylvia?"

"I want to see what has been going on in Parliament," she answers, without the least flinching.

"What a desperate patriot you are, Lady Sylvia, says Bell, laughing, as we go up the stairs to our rooms. "I don't think I ever read a debate in my life—except about Mr. Plimsoll."

"But your husband is not in Parliament," returns Lady Sylvia, with blushing courage.

"And where your treasure is there will your heart be," says Queen T., in a gay and careless fashion; but she has a gentle hand within her friend's arm; and then she takes the key to open the door of her room for her, treating her altogether like a spoilt child.

The after-luncheon lecture on the sublime in nature never came off; for these careless gadabouts, heedless of instruction and the proper tuition of the mind, must needs hire a carriage to drive forthwith to the Rapids above the Falls. And Queen T. had begged Lady Sylvia to take her waterproof with her; and the Lieutenant, perched up beside the driver, was furnished with a couple of umbrellas. So we set out.

And very soon we began to see something of the mighty volume of water falling over the Horse-Shoe Fall; for right away in there at the middle of the bend there was no white foam at all, but a projecting, unceasing bound of clear crystal of a curiously brilliant green, into which the sun struck deep. And what about the want of vapour and atmospheric effect? Presently we found ourselves in a sort of water-witch's paradise. Far below us boiled that hell-caldron of white smoke—roaring and thundering so that the ground around us trembled—and then this mighty pillar, rising and spreading over the landscape, enveloped us in clouds of shifting shapes and colours through which the gleaming green islands by the side of the road appeared to be mere phantasies of the eye. The earth and the sky seemed to be inextricably mixed up in this confusion of water and sunlight. We were in a bewilderment of rainbows—the pale colours coming right up to the wheels of the carriage, and shining between us and the flowing streams and water-weeds a few yards off. And then again we drove on and right through this Undine world; and behold! we were in hot sunshine again, and rolling along a road that sent volumes of dust over us. It was only a trick of the great mother Nature. She had been treating her poor children to a bath; and now took this effectual method of drying them. And the dust about Niagara is the most dry and choking dust in the world.

We drove away round so as to get beyond the Falls, and then descended to the side of the noble river. Here we found the inevitable museum of photographs and pebbles; and a still stranger exhibition. We were professed sightseers; and we agreed to see the burning spring of the Indians, no matter what the wild excitement might cost. So we were conducted into a little dark room, in the floor of which was a hole, covered over. The performer—who was not attired in the garb of the wild man of the woods, as he ought to have been—removed the lid, and began to play a great many pranks with the gas which rose from the well. It was really wonderful. Some of us were carried away in imagination to the beautiful days in which a penny paid on entrance to a canvas tent unlocked more marvels than were known to all the wise men of the East. But this performance was monotonous. In vain we waited for our friend to open another door and show us the Fat Woman of Scandinavia. It was merely trifling with our feelings to offer each of us a glass of the fire-water to drink. We resented this insult; and sought the outer air again, having paid—what was it?—for that revelation of the wonders of Nature.

There was a grander sight outside—the great rapids whirling by at our very feet towards the sudden and sheer descent. The wild plain of waters seemed broader than any river; the horizon line was as the horizon of the sea, but it was a line broken by the wild tossing of the waves as they came hurrying on to their doom. High over the green masses of the water the white crests were flung this way and that—in the maddening race and whirl these wild uprearings resembled—who made this suggestion?—the eager outstretched hands of the dense crowd of worshippers who strive for the holy fire passing over their heads. And here, too, the noise of the rushing of the waters still sounded muffled and remote; as if the great river were falling, not into the chasm below, but into the very bowels of the earth, too far away from us to be seen or heard.

A fiery red sunset was burning over the green woods, and the level landscape, and the dusty roads, as we drove away back again, and down to the whirlpool below the Falls. Indeed, by the time we reached the point from which we were to descend into the gorge, the sun had gone down, the west had paled, and there was a cold twilight over the deep chasm through which the dark green river rolls. There was something very impressive in these sombre waters—their rapidity and force only marked by the whirling by of successive pine-trees—and in the sheer precipices on each side, scarred with ruddy rocks and sunless woods. Down here, too, there were no photographs, or Indians selling sham trinkets, or museums; only the solemnity of the gathering dusk, and the awful whirling by of the sullen water, and the distant and unceasing roar. The outlines of the landscape were lost, and we began to think of the sea.

And very pleasant it was that evening to sit up in the high balcony, as the night came on and the moon rose over the dark trees, and watch the growing light touch the edge of the far-reaching falls just where the water plunged. The great pillar of foam was dark now, and the American Falls, opposite us, were no longer white, but of a mystic grey; but out there at the bend of the Horse-Shoe Falls the moonlight caught the water sharply—gleaming between the black rocks and trees of Goat Island and the black rocks and trees of the mainland.

It was a beautiful sight, calm and peaceful, and we could almost have imagined that we were once more on the deck of the great vessel, with the placid night around us, and the sound of the waves in our ears, and Bell singing to us, "Row, brothers, row, the daylight's past." You see, no human being is ever satisfied with what is before his eyes. If he is on land, he is thinking of the sea; if he is on the sea, he is dreaming of the land. What madness possessed us in England that we should crave to see the plains of the Far West, knowing that our first thought there would be directed back to England? For Bell and her husband all this business was a duty; for us, a dream. And now that we had come to these Niagara Falls, which are famous all over the world, and now that we could sit and look at them with all the mystery and magic of a summer night around us, of what were we thinking?

"It will be beautiful up on Mickleham Downs to-night," says Bell, suddenly.

It is the belief of the present writer that every one of these senseless people was thinking of his or her home at this moment, for they set off at once to talk about Surrey as if there was nothing in the world but that familiar English county, and you would have imagined that a stroll on Mickleham Downs, on a moonlight night, was the extreme point to which the happiness of a human being could attain.

"Lady Sylvia," says Queen T., in a gentle undertone, and she puts a kindly hand on the hand of her friend, "shall we put on our bonnets and walk over to The Lilacs now? There might be a light in the windows."

LITERATURE.

THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

Two Years of the Eastern Question. By A. Gallenga. In Two Volumes. London: Samuel Tinsley.

The value of these two volumes lies more in the graphic brilliancy of their style than the novelty of their contents. Mr. Gallenga was the special correspondent of the *Times* at Constantinople, from November 1875 till May of this year, and he would not have been performing his duty if he had left himself much new matter to reveal in this *réchauffée* of his letters. From other special correspondents, also, substantially the same facts, concerning the condition of the inhabitants of Constantinople and their Government, were to be learnt, for, naturally, the representatives of the Press saw something of one another, had common sources of information, and, to a large extent, formed common opinions. There is little difference between Mr. Gallenga's picture of Turkish corruption and Mr. Sala's picture, except in the details and the manner of execution. But though diligent readers of newspapers and magazines will learn little that is positively new to them from Mr. Gallenga's two volumes, the publication is not without its *raison d'être* as a systematised collection of the fruits of what may be called newspaper diplomacy in Constantinople. Special correspondents are the diplomatists of the Press, as diplomatists are the special correspondents of the Government. We do not say that it is their business to lie abroad for the amusement of their country, but it is their business to investigate, collect information, and report, which is perhaps the most useful function of diplomacy. The practice of sending correspondents to any centre of political excitement, where the affairs of nations are at stake, owes its existence to the same interested curiosity that insists upon having reporters in Parliament—the desire to get behind the scenes with the additional incentive that our destinies are being disposed of, and we wish to know, in order that, if necessary, we may exercise some control.

An effort, in fact, is being steadily made, although the object is not strictly defined, to obtain for the proceedings of diplomacy the same publicity that has been obtained for the proceedings of Parliament. Whether or not this curiosity is wise, whether or not it may be pushed too far, under present political conditions, is a question which may be put on one side while another and more pressing question is being considered. It may or it may not be possible for one nation, without a general agreement to that effect, to abandon the system of secret diplomacy, not merely in the sense of publishing all its own motives, but in the sense of making public all motives that come within its knowledge, and refusing to accept the knowledge of them except on that condition; but apart from this theoretical question, there is another within the immediate sphere of practical politics, namely, What course should be taken by English diplomatists abroad in view of the determined curiosity now shown to discover for the public information at home what they are doing? Our Embassies are beset by a staff of men engaged to some extent in the same work as themselves—the work of investigating and reporting on the state of the country where they are stationed—and engaged, besides, in the work of trying to find out what the Embassies themselves are doing in their capacity as the extended hands of the Executive. What line should be taken by the Embassies in the face of this organised curiosity—a curiosity which may or may not be to be deprecated, but which exists as a fact, and, more than a passing fact, as the outcome of an inevitable tendency? Mr. Gallenga's experiences are instructive. He went out, as he confesses, with little previous knowledge of the Eastern Question, to learn what he could concerning the actual condition of things in Constantinople. So far Mr. Gallenga's fresh mind and graphic pen encountered little difficulty; the outward aspects of Constantinopolitan life were quickly seized. But when he had described the three cities and their sites, the "cheese-cake" mosques, the "candlestick" minarets, the bridges, the streets, the porters, the dogs—Mr. Gallenga is particularly successful about the dogs—there remained the more difficult tasks of portraying the Turkish character, getting behind the machinery of Government, unravelling the complicated web of forces beneath the surface, the conflicting ambitions, aspirations, combinations, the actualities and potentialities of a hive of intrigue. Here obviously was a task which went beyond the most supreme power of unaided observation. Where did Mr. Gallenga go for help? Mr. Gallenga found established at Pera a body of journalistic emissaries engaged in the same quest as himself. These diplomatists of the Press had accumulated a good deal of information, and could tell him not a little, but they were still largely dependent upon the professional diplomatists. They had to knock at the door of the Embassies, the professional observers of Turkish affairs. Naturally one of the first doors at which Mr. Gallenga knocked was that of the British Embassy. Our Embassy, as it happened, had special reasons for not giving a very genial reception to newspaper correspondents. It was in the irritating position of having to fight a losing battle. It was tied to a policy against which circumstances had unequivocally declared themselves. It was charged with the tradition of maintaining the Ottoman rule in Turkey, and the stability of Ottoman rule was threatened by corruption at the heart and insurrection at the extremities. Mr. Gallenga arrived at Constantinople soon after the repudiation of the debt and the outbreak of the insurrection in the Herzegovina. It was natural that the British Embassy should be in an irritable mood, because circumstances were demonstrating the impossibility of keeping the Turk in the land much longer, and here was a band of correspondents down to ferret out these circumstances, and display them in a striking light. No orders had come from home as to a change of policy; our Government was clinging hard to the hope of patching things up for a little longer rather than incur the immediate risk of a European conflagration, and here were these correspondents eager to present such a picture of affairs as would make a patch-up hopeless. Such being the irritating position and irritable mood of Sir Henry Elliot and his subordinates, Mr. Gallenga was not favourably received at the Embassy. He was treated with coldness and reserve, politely repulsed as an inquisitive meddler.

Now here we cannot help thinking that Sir Henry Elliot made a mistake—a practical mistake—apart altogether from the question of principle as to maintaining or relaxing diplomatic reserve. It would have been a much wiser course for him to take the English correspondents frankly into his confidence, because, if the source from which an Englishman naturally expected information were closed, it so happened that another source lay invitingly open. The Russian Embassy was under no temptation to treat newspaper correspondents as unwelcome interlopers. The hope upon which English policy was built was that the Ottoman rule, even if it was incapable of reform, was at least not so

bad that it could not be prolonged till the Christian population grew strong enough to take its place; and any facts which pointed the other way were provoking truths, which it was a natural weakness, though still a weakness, to try and keep dark. But General Ignatieff had no such motive for reticence. He was perfectly willing to talk by the hour in illustration of Turkish corruption, and it was to be expected that correspondents who had come specially to find out the facts and were denied information elsewhere should be willing to listen to him. Mr. Gallenga says that he never detected General Ignatieff in any fiction or exaggeration, and this can easily be believed, for the facts were quite ugly enough without artificial colouring. Still this intercourse with the Russian Embassy did not tend to make matters more pleasant for the correspondents at the English Embassy, and when Mr. Gallenga obtained from General Ignatieff, who had sent an envoy to the spot, the news of the first Bulgarian massacre at Tatar Bazardjik, and not only telegraphed the facts to the *Times*, but telegraphed a censure of Sir Henry Elliot for not having also sent an envoy, the coolness was aggravated into a rupture, and Mr. Gallenga was told that further intercourse with him was at an end. We must say that this was very petty and very unfortunate, and the subsequent conduct of the Embassy towards the correspondents was equally ill-judged. Because the correspondents took information from the Russian Ambassador, they were charged with propagating falsehoods at Russian instigation. This ridiculous charge was gravely repeated by Mr. Layard some three months ago in the famous passage of a despatch, in which, with a petulant credulity more worthy of an angry schoolgirl than an ambassador, he affirmed that "there are persons, and I grieve to say Englishmen among them, who boast that they invented stories for the purpose of 'writing down' Turkey, to which they were impelled by a well-known hand." Diplomacy can only make itself ridiculous by taking this sort of spiteful revenge against the special correspondents. These gentlemen sufficiently vindicated their independence of General Ignatieff's authority by organising an inquiry on their own part into the truth of the reported outrages. And it is absurd to accuse them of want of patriotism in making such facts known. If it was the case that Turkish rule was so corrupt that the final collapse must be precipitated, and that the policy of gradual supersession was rendered hopeless, then it was the clear duty of the patriotic English observer not to keep the real state of affairs from the nation, but to put us in possession of the facts, in order that the Government might be stimulated, if possible, to arrive at a clear conception of English interests, and act with a vigour suitable to the emergency. That the members of the Embassy should treat the specials of the Press as diplomatic *parvenus* may be only a matter of taste and judgment; but to impeach their patriotism, and accuse them of subserviency to a foreign Power, is to carry into the quarrel a savage and brutal spirit, unworthy of the dignity of the service.

The one thing which seems to have exasperated the Embassy beyond endurance with the correspondents was that they should assume the liberty to criticise its actions. Sir Henry Elliot held out the hand of social intercourse to Mr. Gallenga, after he discovered that he was in the habit of visiting the Russian Embassy, but when the correspondent of the *Times* declared his opinion that Sir Henry ought to have sent some one into Bulgaria when General Ignatieff sent Prince Tzeretlew, our Ambassador fairly lost patience, and vehemently informed the correspondent that henceforth they must be strangers. The intrusion of these reporting fellows was bad enough, but that they should criticise as well as pry was intolerable. Yet there is no doubt that one of the best services which the correspondents rendered in this matter, if the lesson is not allowed to slip in the pursuit of more exciting topics, is their exposure of the inadequacy of the means of information at the disposal of the Embassy. The not sending an agent to the scene of the Bulgarian massacres was an individual act of omission, but there is also a permanent inefficiency in the ambassadorial staff. The Embassy is not provided with sufficient means for ascertaining what is passing in the country; its eyes and ears are defective. The following is Mr. Gallenga's description of a deficiency against which Lord Strangford and Mr. Grant Duff have made many protests, hitherto in vain:—

> With another and a greater difficulty, with which his previous official experience has never made him familiar, an Ambassador in the East has to contend. He is, to all intents and purposes, a dumb animal. At any other Court than that of Stamboul, the least smattering of French fits him for a *tête-à-tête* with kings and kings' wives, kings' ministers, and kings' *maitresses en titre*; the American Envoy being, as a rule, the only one who has not a Gallic word to throw at a dog, as he is the only one who can afford no gold lace to his coat. But at the Porte every European is equally destitute of the common organ of speech. The Sultan has no French, the Ambassador no Turkish, and even in the rare instances in which there exists between them a means of inter-communication, etiquette imposes the presence and enforces the assistance of interpreters. Although the Grand Vizier sometimes, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs generally, can express such ideas as they have in some of the European languages, an Ambassador never trusts their linguistic powers or his own, never attempts to transact business, never ventures to pay a visit, without the inseparable shadow of his dragoman. What diplomatic negotiations may be those in which the high contracting parties must always put up with the presence of witnesses, and depend on those witnesses for the interchange of their views and the correctness of their statements, it is very easy to imagine. The irksomeness of that translation and re-translation of every sentence, in a country where so much is usually spoken to so little purpose—the conversation being generally taken up by vapid phrases and unmeaning compliments, and in a language hitherto in a great measure unfit for the conveyance of abstract thoughts as Turkish is—soon, and after a few attempts, indisposes a European Envoy to any direct communion with the Ottoman Government; so that, while limiting his intercourse with them to mere visits of ceremony, he entrusts the management of his affairs to the dragoman, who thus becomes, in everything but the name, the real, virtual, and actual ambassador.
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> Now as to what kind of state-servant, as a rule, a dragoman is, and to what extent his allegiance and devotion either to the person of the Ambassador or to the Power which he represents may be depended upon, I can hardly venture to express an opinion. With the exception of Russia, Austria, and France, the interpreter's office is in every embassy or legation monopolised by Levantines. The "Oriental Secretary," which was for some time an indispensable member of the European staff of her Majesty's Embassy—the office being, in one instance, filled up by so distinguished a scholar and gentleman as the late Lord Strangford—has altogether disappeared within these last few years, preference being given to the more supple, more ingratiating, but certainly not equally intelligent, or well-educated, or high-principled and trustworthy native dragomans; upon these devolves all the head work, all the responsibility of the most delicate affairs, while the European Councillor of Embassy, the first, second, and third Secretaries, are paid as mere show and pageantry, and in reality reduced to the drudgery of copying clerks.

The character which Mr. Gallenga has to give of the class from whom the indispensable dragomans are taken:—

> I shall not do the natives of the Levant the injustice of ascribing to them the character which they so readily and too unanimously give of themselves. Like many other Southern people the Levantines may, on a close acquaintance, be found to be better than their reputation; but that the stigma for more than Eastern cunning and duplicity, for absolute want of principle, and impenetrability to shame, rests on their name, is a fact which they are themselves at all times too anxious to proclaim for any unprejudiced person to attempt to deny it. Orientals by birth, or sometimes by long residence, though of European extraction, these men contract the habits and exaggerate the faults of those Greeks, Armenians, and other indigenous races which they affect to mistrust and despise. Men of no particular nationality, constituting a caste, a tribe, a people of their own, bound together almost in one family by incessant intermarriage, they apply for protection and solicit employment, now of one, now of another European State, the office of Dragoman, of Consul, of Judge, of Chancellor, &c., frequently becoming with them an hereditary monopoly; the various members of the same family usually hoisting the flags of different Powers; or the same individual in some instances representing several Powers at the same time, or passing from the service of one Power into that of another.

This being the general character of the Levantines—and Mr. Gallenga by no means stands alone in his estimate of them—his indignation that they should be not only admissible but indispensable to positions of trust and influence at our Embassy will excite no surprise.

> And it is to a man of this race—of a race liable to become baser and more corrupt at every new generation—that the most important and sacred international notes, protocols, and other documents must needs be imparted; it is by men of this temper that State secrets

must be bandied about, which statesmen like Cavour or Bismarck would not confide to their under-secretaries, to their private secretaries, or even to their colleagues in the Cabinet!

And it is on the faith of reports from these sources, despatches from Ambassadors depending for information on Levantine dragomans, or correspondences from Levantine Consuls, Vice-Consuls, or Consular Agents, that Ministers of the Crown will stand up in their place in the English Parliament, and venture on statements that the assertions of disinterested persons, and even the evidence of stubborn facts, contradict; it is on authority drawn from such materials that Blue Books are compiled and printed, and Honourable Members supplied with their ground for the discussion of the Eastern Question!

Need we be surprised to hear that men of the Levant thus honoured with the confidence of Western Governments, have retired from business with the reputation of vast accumulated wealth; to hear of ex-dragomen possessing whole streets of house property at Pera, and of Consuls or Vice-Consuls, through their brothers and cousins, owning the largest share of the capital invested in the most extensive mercantile or financial speculations?

The State pays ten thousands of pounds to send a gentleman charged with its business to a foreign Court; it little knows that its Envoy in the East is a mere cipher, that for all practicable purposes it is not the gentleman but the gentleman's gentleman—not the Ambassador but the dragoman—that is charged with the diplomatic relations between friendly States; the dragoman on whose arbitration depend the results of all negotiations, the issues of peace and war.

If diplomatists are to retain the confidence of the country, they must exert themselves for the removal of such abuses.

It is not merely the foreign embassies in Turkey that suffer from the undue share of power entrusted to subordinate officials. The indispensableness and consequent despotism of subordinates is one of the curses of Ottoman rule. The Turks having no aptitude for detail, entrust the unpleasant labour to officials of other races, and the system is not favourable to purity of administration.

In the Grand Vizier's Council, in every Ministerial office, in the War Department, in the Admiralty, there is always the Mussulman invested with the shadow as well as with the emoluments, but the Christian, Armenian, Greek, or European in possession of the drudgery, and also of the substance, of that power of which the Sultan is the fountain-head. The Sultan's mere caprice appoints the Mussulman Minister, but the Under-Secretary, most of the clerks, and all the book-keepers, the diplomatic or Consular agents, some of the Governors of Provinces, and all their secretaries and councillors, are Christians; the Mussulmans who occasionally fill such places owing their appointment to some exceptional circumstances, either of birth or family connections, which bestowed on them the advantages of a European education.

In spite of all that has lately been done to establish Imperial Colleges, Lyceums, and even Universities for the benefit of Mussulman students, and of the free access allowed them to flourishing Greek, Armenian, and Frank institutions, the initiation of Turkish children into such studies as might fit them for useful public or private employment has hitherto been attended by no very satisfactory results. Intellectual development is, after all, hereditary, and the Turkish brain has for too many generations lain fallow not to be distanced in the race with minds with which a certain amount of at least practical cultivation has never ceased. The Turks, like the negroes, are not without some aptitude for the mechanical and imitative pursuits which are merely matter of the senses. They can be made to write a fine hand; they are instinctively good musicians; but in all sciences tasking the faculty of abstraction, and especially in mathematics, or even arithmetic, they break down at the very rudiments, and their teachers' efforts to overcome their innate obtuseness are altogether hopeless. There is no ambition or even avarice that can ever make a Turk a saraff, or a man of business. There is no such thing as a Mussulman banker or even money-changer in Constantinople. Banking establishments, I believe, without an exception, have their quarters in Galata, and are exclusively in the hands of Greeks, Armenians, and Jewish or Christian Franks; and the hundreds of exchange offices, mere holes in some lurking corners to be found at every step at the shop doors, or underneath the shop windows of every crowded street on either side of the Karakeui bridge, where men with greasy red caps, or tattered black or yellow turbans, are perpetually rattling their copper coins from hand to hand to attract the attention of the passers-by, are either kept by Jews on their own account or by low-caste Turks, who only superintend the business, leaving the actual transactions to smart Jewish or Armenian accountants.

The Turk's indolence, his incapacity for business, whether of trade or of administration, is the most insuperable and ineradicable obstacle to his permanence as a ruling power. It is the bad side of that gentlemanlike character of his upon which his admirers are so fond of dwelling, and which Mr. Gallenga is perfectly willing to acknowledge. If, in spite of his aversion to trade, he had any capacity for government, he might have established himself in Europe; but having neither, he is hopeless. He may have all the virtues of cleanliness, piety, imperturbable self-possession, and consummate courtesy which Mr. Butler-Johnstone claims for him, but seeing that he cannot or will not administer, it was inevitable that his Government should fall into an inextricable mess and muddle. Even if we transfer the blame of the worst acts of extortion, the worst cruelties of repression, to the shoulders of Christian secretaries and Jew money-lenders, the Turk cannot be exculpated from utter condemnation as a ruler on the ground of his incapacity to rule. There can be no greater condemnation of a ruling power than this, and there is a quite superfluous abundance of proof that the Turk's incapacity is incurable. Mr. Gallenga frames a curious prophecy from his last attempt to shake off his hereditary inertness.

There is a strange, so to say, fatalistic prejudice in some minds respecting any sudden and extraordinary aberration of a confirmed character, any cessation of the immutable laws with which the very existence of an individual or state seems to be bound up, departure from which betokens approaching dissolution and death. A man who has been all his life a miser, becomes suddenly prodigal; another, constantly persecuted by fortune, comes into unexpected affluence and prosperity—such phenomena are held to be the forerunners of the end. In an analogous manner a pope, for the first time after eighteen centuries, "lives to see the years of Peter;" his infallibility is voted by an œcumenical council. The fulness of the time has come for a time-hallowed institution—when, lo! the Italians break in at Porta Pia; King Victor Emmanuel is lodged at the Quirinal, and the Sovereign Pontiff exchanges his throne for what he calls his Vatican prison!

Apply now the rule to our present subject. The Sultan doffs the turban of his predecessors. He calls in French tailors, English grooms, architects, and ship-builders. The world applauds. Islam is to be Europeanised; it has taken a new lease of life. The cities of the West, for the first time in history, receive the print of the Padishah's sacred foot: wonders will never cease! The Sick Man is healed; the decrepit empire is rejuvenised. Ay; but look at the result. Reform is but skin-deep. Improvement is found not to go one inch below the surface. Modern progress only brings in new luxuries; refinement merely promotes fresh extravagance. The form of government is modified, but its old despotism is intensified. The Sick Man is worse than ever; the doctor is again called in, but with him also, this time, the lawyer, the priest, the undertaker.

THE WELLESLEY DESPATCHES.

A Selection from the Despatches, Treaties, and other Papers of the Marquis Wellesley, K.G., during his Government of India. Edited by Sydney J. Owen, M.A., &c. &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The invaluable collection of the 'Wellesley Despatches,' published more than forty years ago by Mr. Montgomery Martin, have been for a long time out of print, and the students of Indian history have been compelled to gather their knowledge of the stirring events which happened during the administration of Lord Wellesley from the dull and prejudiced pages of Mill. Mr. Owen has done really good service to historical literature in giving us a judicious selection of Martin's five bulky volumes. He has accomplished a difficult task well. The despatches are arranged by subjects, instead of the chronological order in which they were written, and a useful synopsis heads them. We, however, wish that Mr. Owen had not injured his work by not giving an index. When the world is sufficiently civilised, it will be penal to publish a work without an index. Mr. Owen, in his pithy survey prefixed to the selections, exhibits the policy of Lord Wellesley in its relations with the circumstances of the time both in India and in Europe. We are glad to find these despatches well edited, for they are the splendid monument of a great statesman, a good scholar, and a man of rare genius. Lord Wellesley arrived in India, as fourth Governor-General, May, 1798, and left in August, 1805, and this forms one of the most important periods in Indian history. It was the courage of Clive which first gained for the English any territorial position at all; it was the daring genius of Hastings which first conceived the policy of reducing the native princes to the position of subordinates without independent rights; and it was the courage, energy, and industry of Wellesley which carried it out. Warren Hastings was the

first to introduce, in his dealings with Oude, the subsidiary system. When a State consented by treaty to accede this system, it acknowledged the British Government as the Paramount Power in India; and in return it received the guarantee of that Government for its safety and integrity. It agreed not to make war or peace without the sanction of the Paramount Power, and to maintain a contingent of troops as a subsidiary force to aid the British Government in time of need. These were the main conditions of the policy which Wellesley carried out. They were contrary to the policy which the Court of Directors desired, and they superseded the policy which had been in vogue under his immediate predecessors, Lord Cornwallis and Sir John Shore. Their policy was to treat all Native Sovereigns as equals, and to maintain a balance of power amongst the Native States, so as to prevent any one of them from becoming too powerful. Lord Wellesley saw that the idea of a balance of power was impracticable, and that the British authority must be supreme throughout the country. At the time when he assumed office the very existence of the British Empire in India was threatened with grave danger. Tippú, the Nizam, and Scindia were all under French influence, and had their armies chiefly officered by Frenchmen. A Jacobin Club had been organised in Seringapatam. The members were required to swear hatred to tyranny, love of liberty, and destruction to all kings and sovereigns except the good and faithful ally of the French Republic *Citizen Sultan Tippú*. The first war undertaken by Wellesley was forced on him by the hostle attitude of Tippú. It began in 1799, and ended in the gallant capture of Seringapatam. How much Wellesley was indebted for his success to the counsels and co-operation of his illustrious brother Arthur may be gathered from the papers which Mr. Owen has printed in the appendix of his work. Mr. Owen also gives an interesting letter from Colonel Wellesley to his brother, describing a check which he sustained in a night attack at Seringapatam:—

> On the night of the 5th we made an attack upon the enemy's outposts, which, at least on my side, was not quite so successful as could have been wished. The fact was that the night was very dark, that the enemy expected us, and were strongly posted in an almost impenetrable jungle. We lost an officer killed, and others, and some men wounded (of the 33rd), and at last, as I could not find out the post which it was desirable I should occupy, I was obliged to desist from the attack, the enemy also having retired from the post. In the morning they re-occupied it, and I attacked it again at daylight, and carried it with ease and little loss.
>
> I got a slight touch on the knee, from which I have felt no inconvenience, on the night of the 5th; and I have come to a determination, when in my power, never to suffer an attack to be made by night upon an enemy who is prepared and strongly posted, and whose posts have not been reconnoitred by daylight.

The fall of Seringapatam made the English supreme in the Deccan. Colonel Wellesley was made commandant of the city, in which he soon restored order and confidence, and his brother proceeded to make arrangements for the disposal of the conquered kingdom. In a few months the Madras Presidency grew from a few scattered districts into the great country known by that name—comprising almost the whole of Southern India. The Governor-General further extended the British dominion in India by compelling the Nawab Vizier of Oude to cede the greater part of his kingdom. The districts thus acquired composed a greater part of what are now called the North-West Provinces. Mr. Owen writes: "Of all Lord Wellesley's proceedings, his dealings with the Nawab Vizier of Oude are apt, at first sight, to seem most harsh and arbitrary. A careful consideration of the circumstances may much modify, if not altogether remove, the impression." That Lord Wellesley's dealings with the Nabob were harsh and arbitrary there can be not the slightest doubt; but the increasing certainty of a rupture with the Mahrattas compelled the Marquis to resort to them. The Marquis himself puts forward the old excuse of all men who steal their neighbour's territory—that it was done for the good of the inhabitants. "Since my departure from the Presidency, I have engaged frequent opportunities of contemplating the benefits diffused by the operations of the British system of government over every part of the flourishing and happy provinces which I have visited. I can, therefore, declare my conscientious conviction that no greater blessing can be conferred on the native inhabitants of India than the extension of the British authority, influence, and power." The English intervention, however, cannot be said to have much improved in the long run the condition of Oude.

The great Mahratta War broke out in 1803. The immediate cause of it was the celebrated treaty of Bassein, December 31, 1802, which disunited the Mahrattas, and gave the English complete authority over them. The three greatest Mahratta chiefs declined to be thus reduced without a struggle to a practically dependent position. The struggle proved to be a severe and bloody one. Like the Russians in the present day, Lord Wellesley underrated the valour and vigour of his opponents. He did not calculate the improvements in their arms and artillery equipments since their earlier wars with the English. In one respect he was more fortunate than the Russians: he had two great generals to carry out his plans—the gallant Lake and his own brother. Skilful combination, vigour, and bravery, brought the campaign to a triumphant issue. The splendid victory of Assaye cost General Wellesley nearly one-third of his force in killed and wounded. He himself had two horses killed under him—one shot and the other piked. From the bloody struggle at Assaye dates the supremacy of the English in India. The Company were now the acknowledged Paramount Power, and those States which remained independent consented to receive a Resident at their Courts and a subsidiary garrison of British troops. From this time the Company's servants ceased to be traders, and became the administrators of a great Empire. The merchants of the East Indian Company could not appreciate Wellesley's Imperial policy; they praised him for his "ardent zeal to promote the well-being of India, and to uphold the interest and honour of the British Empire," but they recalled him. Those who wish to study lessons of masterly policy, and who wish to learn how a great statesman founded by foresight and cool courage a great Empire, must read the 'Wellesley Despatches.' The 'Despatches' have also a literary value. They are the composition of a man who thought clearly and took the trouble to write clearly—an art not much practised in the present day.

NOTES ON FISH AND FISHING.

Notes on Fish and Fishing. Illustrated. By J. J. Manley, M.A. London: Sampson Low and Co.

The angler may learn much from this work of fish and fishing scientifically, as well as in sport. To the salmon-fisher the pages may seem insipid; as also to one who has thrown his fly to the mahseer in the North-West Provinces of India. To some anglers trout and grayling fishing comprises more than half of the piscatorial science; jack fishing occupies with them half the remainder, and the rest of the finny tribe of these isles are dismissed by such as these under the generic title of bottom fishing. The writer has wide experiences as a Thames fisherman, and his work smacks very much of a handbook to angling in that river. The grayling is not a Thames fish, but all other fish of importance dealt with in these pages are to be found in the Thames, and the author discusses the mode of angling for them very much from a Thames point of view. His chapter upon the trout dwells chiefly upon the glories of the Thames trout, the difficulty of capturing him, and the *modus operandi*. We agree with him that a Thames trout, to him who may be so fortunate as to strike one after three days' careful spinning, affords sport equal to that which a clean-run salmon can give, and even more of it; for the Thames trout-fisher has to steer his prey clear of piles and woodwork in lasher pools, and has a gamer fish to fight than even the salmon. Still, we should have considered this

chapter far more complete had it dilated further upon the habits and mode of capture of provincial trout, of the sea trout, and of the Welsh sewin. Of provincial trout there are infinite varieties, not so much in breed as in habit and disposition. An angler requires to know the idiosyncracies of each stream, and the tactics of the Exe will not always pay in the Dove. The Hampshire waters of Lord Portsmouth, and the Loddon and Blackwater above Strathfieldsaye, have their peculiarities. Scotch and Welsh lake trout fishing differ again from either of these. The flies to be used vary in each case, and the mode of going to work also is different in one place and another. None of these matters are touched upon in the chapter. Mr. Manley apparently thinks bottom fishing for trout rank poaching; he does not allude to it. Most owners of preserved waters forbid the use of a worm in their trout streams. Yet there are overgrown bush-hung brooks from which trout can only be extracted by these means; no fly could be cast, or even "dibbed" in them. Since the writer condescends to notice trimmer fishing for jack, we think he would not have lost caste had he, with due reservation as to its general fairness, alluded to worm fishing in a brook for trout. It has a smack of poaching in its nature, we allow; yet it is not a tyro's task. No float can be used; a light hand is indispensable; a spare loop of line must be held lightly in finger and thumb, ready to be slacked away directly a bite is felt—otherwise, if there is no spare line, the fish cannot have his run nor pouch his bait. A few hints upon the action of wrist and arm in throwing a fly or spinning a minnow would also have been instructive. At the same time, we are free to admit that more can be shown of such matters by ten minutes' example than by pages of bookwork. The chapter, however, confines itself chiefly to some generalities connected with trout fishing, and to the capture of the Thames trout. The other chapters, relating to other sorts of fish, are far more explicit. That upon the jack is instructive from end to end. Mr. Manley alludes to the fact that the jack will actually take a salmon-fly (which many anglers disbelieve); he says they will do so in August and September. We have caught them with Tweed flies, in a lake, under a warm S.W. breeze, in October.

The chapter on perch fishing is one of the best in practice, as well as amusing. Mr. Manley is correct in saying that a perch will take "a gaudy fly in some waters," and we have proved it ourselves. He is partial to a "red spinner." More than once we have found a perch take a red spinner while we have been playing a trout upon another fly. Also, in hot July days, when there is not even a ripple on the water, and when perch will not look at a worm, they will take a black gnat or small black palmer drawn a foot or two under water.

There are also chapters on the carp and tench, fish which Mr. Manley repudiates gastronomically. The use for these fish has gone by. Country gentlemen now can get their fish from London for a dinner-party without drawing upon their own ponds. But before the days of railroads, carp and tench were standard dishes, and were, we think, better eating by far than we are likely to find them in these days. They used to be netted, and put into a clean rocky "stew" for weeks and months before they were wanted, and well fed with meal meantime. Their whole constitution was changed, and their muddy taste vanished. We may have grown *gourmets* in our later years; but in younger days, in country houses, we could relish a carp stewed in port after he had swam for a month and more in a clean stew (of water). The chapter upon the grayling is far more fully written of its sort than that upon his relative, the trout. But the barbel evokes Mr. Manley's enthusiasm to a far greater extent, and he confesses candidly his predilection for the fish (*quâ* sport not food.) We can understand this taste in an ardent Thames fisherman, and have realised much of it on the one or two occasions (all we can boast of) on which we have dropped for a really good "swim" of barbel. The gudgeon commands a chapter to himself. As a dainty we especially admire him; one of the first things we specify when ordering a bill of fare at Wargrave, Henley, or Shepperton, is a dish of fried gudgeon. They come nearly up to smelts, and we generally meet them with a sense of appetite which is not always earned for a London dinner.

Besides the chapter specially relating to various sorts of fish, the book contains, as a prelude, others of a more scientific and literary character. We have "Ichthyology," "The Literature of Fishing," "Fishing as a Sport," and "Fishing as a Fine Art." The second-named chapter is most interesting. We hold with Mr. Manley's views upon Izaak Walton's time-honoured work, and the criticisms which have been bestowed upon it in various ages. In specifying the various classic literature of the gentle art he does not seem to be aware of a beautiful passage in Theocritus, and we feel sure he will forgive us if we allude to it. The Piscator describes how he rigged up his tackle, and "*καθεσδόμενος δ' ἐδοκεῦον ἰχθύας*" (I sat down and watched for fishes), and then "*ἐκ καλαμῶν τε πλανάν κατεσεῖον εδωδάν.*" There is a true angler's ring in the word *κατεσεῖον* ("shook" or "beckoned gently," my enticing bait). Then he espies a huge golden fish timidly reconnoitring the bait. (Was it a carp, and were these foxes of the water less wary than they now are in the experiences of Mr. Manley and ourselves?) The fish is hooked, runs, is played, and landed at last, and Piscator is in ecstasies. He vows he will stay for ever, "*καὶ τῷ χρῦσῳ βασιλεύειν*" (and lord it over my golden prize). We] can] recall no more sporting description in the classics than this; Theocritus must have been as much an angler, at heart, as was Xenophon a huntsman. "Fishing as a Fine Art" is a most scientifically-written chapter. Mr. Manley is doubtless right when he says that fish in undisturbed waters are suspicious of man, and shows how, where they are frequently sought for, they get wary, by second nature, and look with distrust upon certain baits. Certain baits go in fashion with fish, he says, according as they associate them with ideas of danger, and we think he is right. Fish somehow do learn the news of the day from each other; else how is it that if a perch escapes from the hook the shoal move on, and no more can be taken in that spot? We can cordially recommend the book to all followers of the gentle art. The author writes with refinement and education, as well as with science and practical knowledge. When the book reaches a second edition, as we anticipate will be the case, he will be able to enlarge this chapter upon trout fishing, which is the only one which does not in exhaustiveness come up to the standard of those devoted to other sorts of English freshwater fish.

BRIDGET.

Bridget. By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of 'Kitty,' 'Doctor Jacob,' &c., &c. In Three Volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1877.

Mrs. Betham-Edwards fills a well-defined and highly creditable place in literature. She always confines herself to subjects with which she is familiar, and though her characters are never very profound, they are always cleverly sketched, generally well-sustained, and seldom unnatural. She has also a special talent for describing un-humorous people, as only a humourist can; and this she exercises often, we should think, unconsciously. The type that she has chosen for the hero of her present story is that character which, since 'Alton Locke,' has been so much taken up by novelists, and which requires such peculiarly delicate handling not to appear ludicrous, namely, that of a man endowed with scholarly refinements and high instincts, but by position an artisan. It is a very difficult task to paint in a life-like manner the struggle in such a nature between the inward consciousness of merit and the social restraints by which he is surrounded, and unless executed with perfect success such a picture must always partake somewhat of the caricature. Arthur Freeland is what is technically termed a house-decorator; but he is besides a Latin and Greek scholar, a reader of general literature, something of a modern

linguist, a painter, a musician, and a philanthropist, while "many an artist had sighed to portray that fine head, with its close-cut crop of rich brown curls and beard, and those noble features, sunburnt and denoting strength, as a man's should." When he goes off to do a job at a country-house he takes with him, besides his implements, a few books for his leisure hours, "two or three pocket-volumes of his favourite poets, a copy of Schiller's 'Letters to a Danish Nobleman,' the 'Odyssey' in Greek, a pastoral poet or two in Latin, and half-a-dozen works on history, art, and science made up the number." As a consequence of his anomalous status, the faults in his character appear to have been overwhelming self-consciousness, though not at all amounting to arrogance, and a large amount of false pride and over-sensitiveness. Arthur Freeland in early life made the acquaintance of a fellow art-student named Helwyse Fleming, who has grown into a beautiful and prosperous girl-artist, for whom he contracts a desperate love. Helwyse is successful in everything she undertakes, and inspires admiration wherever she goes. We confess she is the one person in the book with whom we have no sympathy whatever. She appears to us to have possessed few amiable qualities, and many unattractive ones. However, she creates quite a sensation amongst all the male characters in 'Bridget,' from Freeland the mechanic to Mr. Kingsbury the fashionable painter.

Bridget herself belongs to the "ugly duckling" type of heroine so much in vogue. She has "a girl's face—very young, very unfinished as yet, if such an expression is admissible—when regarding it from an artistic point of view. The nose was too small, the mouth was too large, the chin required more delicate moulding, whilst the abundant black hair curling about her shoulders was as intractable as the large ungainly figure, half-childish, half-womanlike; nevertheless, it was plain that the promise of a superb woman was here, and the eyes, large, velvety, and full of expression, alone sufficed as a guarantee." She is niece to Helwyse, and is the eldest of a troop of young children who are stranded by the death of a dissolute Irish father, and who come for shelter to the house of their uncle Bryan, a City clerk with a family, and already in straitened circumstances. After a time Bryan becomes unable to support so large a brood without external help, and various kind friends come to his assistance. Amongst others, a young dilettante named Papillon, adopts Bridget, by which means Mrs. Betham-Edwards gets two of her best characters under the same roof, and plays off the peculiarities and whims of the one against those of the other with great skill. Thus, then, there is little or no "story" in 'Bridget;' in fact, a plot would most likely take off considerably from the charm of the book. It is less a novel than a series of alternate sketches—painted with exquisite humour and penetration—of Bohemia in difficulties at Hornsey Rise, and Bohemia in prosperity at Kensington.

All the scenes and characters owe much of their realistic distinctness to the strong dramatic power of contrast which Mrs. Betham-Edwards possesses in such a high degree. Next to the portrait of Freeland, the blunt son of toil, for instance, we have that of Mr. Kingsbury, the urbane man of the world; after the picture of the clerk's struggling household presided over by his soured, care-worn wife, we are shown the luxurious country home of a prosperous banker, with a smiling hostess and fashionable guests; thus everything is made to stand out in relief.

Some of the minor creations in 'Bridget' are especially happy, such as Mr. and Mrs. Cornwell, the wealthy couple, to whom we have just alluded, or Mr. Starffe, the curate, who occasionally drops in to tea at Hornsey Rise. "The little girls clamoured for a place beside the curate, and Norah, a picture-book child, with round blue eyes, rosy cheeks, and flaxen curls always in proper order, would even take his large bony hand and kiss it, saying, 'Dear Mr. Starffe, I love you so!' At five years old we have strange ideals, and Norah thought Mr. Starffe lovely." He, like many others, was hopelessly devoted to Helwyse, the beautiful artist; "he blushed like a girl when she spoke kindly to him, and was eternally grateful to Bryan for his occasional inuendoes on the subject of his admiration." He had also "tried for her sake to get up a little art knowledge; he went to the Academy, and carefully looked at all the pictures praised in the *Saturday Review*." The book, although never tedious, is perhaps a little too long; but this is an almost universal fault, for which publishers are more to blame than writers. It is bestowing no small praise on 'Bridget' to say, in conclusion, that it is quite up to Mrs. Betham-Edwards' usual standard.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

Life of Chopin. By Franz Liszt. Translated from the French by M. Walker Cook. London: William Reeves.

The first but by no means the only blunder in this translation of Liszt's charming monograph is the title prefixed to it. Liszt never intended to write the 'Life' of Chopin, for which task he had no materials and no inclination. It was his desire to define Chopin's position in the history of music, and, at the same time, to trace the national and individual sources of the Polish composer's art-work. In addition to this he furnished a few biographical dates—not always correct, by the way—and some personal reminiscences of his own intimacy with Chopin in Paris. The result is a charming and most valuable portraiture of the composer in the latter part of his career, also a masterly and sympathetic analysis of his most important works, but not, we repeat it, a biography. An ever so slight attempt on the part of the translator to supply the want of the latter would have been welcome. With little trouble she might have corrected one or two chronological inaccuracies, and added a few details as to Chopin's early career, from various sources not very difficult of access. But instead of this, she prefers to indulge in a long and glowing diatribe on art in general, and Chopin's art in particular, with a quotation from Schiller, and a florid wind-up at the end, in which the "translator calls upon all lovers of the beautiful 'to contribute a stone to the pyramid now rapidly erecting in honour of the great modern composer'—ay, the living stone of appreciation crystallised in the enlightened gratitude of the heart." The dangerous tendency towards "the sublime," thus exemplified, has been of especially baneful effect in the present instance. Liszt himself, if the truth must be told, is somewhat partial to high-sounding words and long-drawn periods, but in his utterance this idiosyncracy is at least sustained by abundance of genuine enthusiasm. Moreover, the French idiom lends itself to occasional hyperbolism more readily than our practically trained language. The duty of an English interpreter would have been to tone down Liszt's exuberance as far as the demand of a faithful rendering would at all permit. But Miss Cook is eager to out-Herod Herod, and to convert into absolute "high-falutin'" what in the original appears only slightly *outré*. In addition to this besetting sin, occasional inaccuracies and awkwardnesses of the translation might be pointed out, the most curious of which occurs at page 101, where our old friend the "Erl King," so well known from Goethe's poem and Schubert's setting, appears as the ruler of an imaginary kingdom of "Aulnes," that French equivalent of the German "Erle" and English "alder" having evidently been mistaken for the name of a place. Under such circumstances, it may seem doubtful whether the admirers, either of Liszt or of Chopin, are much indebted to the English publisher for the importation of this American product many years after the appearance of the original. This delay and this roundabout way are, on the other hand, but too significant of the little interest till recently vouchsafed to musical matters in this country. Returning now to Liszt's own work, we may, with such restrictions as have been made in the above, consider it as one of the most successful essays in musical biography that are in existence. The characteristics of Chopin, the man and the artist,

appear in these pages with graphic distinctness. The criticism is entirely free from technical jargon, and yet sufficiently explicit to convey a distinct idea both as to the poetical and more strictly musical qualities of Chopin's work. The true nature of the "Polonaise," for instance, is illustrated with a firmness of outline and a wealth of colour as have been rarely applied to musical analysis. It may be said that the notes gain life under Liszt's touch, and the stately splendour of the most truly national dance of the Slavonic race is for the first time revealed to us.

Equally interesting and equally successful is the picture of Chopin himself, drawn with a few master-strokes. In him we observe a strange combination of impetuous tenderness with the sarcasm of the perfect man of the world and the impenetrable reserve peculiar to the Polish nation. The contact of such an individuality with the brilliant movement of Paris life leads to the most interesting psychological results, and no eye could have been keener to observe, no hand more skilled to define, these results than the eye and the hand of Liszt. Personal and artistic sympathy and admiration give an additional charm to the portrait. Compared with such merits the few inaccuracies as to dates and the circumstances of Chopin's early life are wholly insignificant. With regard to these a work recently published in Germany may be consulted with advantage. It is written by M. Karasowski, Chopin's countryman, and founded chiefly on the composer's correspondence with his family, here published for the first time. Although without literary merit of any kind, it is valuable owing to the accurate description of the outward circumstances of the composer's life. To Liszt's work it is what a good photograph is to the portrait by a painter of genius—more trustworthy, perhaps, as regards realistic details, but without the true breath of life. To the few minor inaccuracies of which Liszt stands convicted, it is not necessary to refer further. But one striking discrepancy between the two authors cannot be passed over in silence. Liszt speaks of an early attachment of Chopin to a young Polish girl severed by the composer's departure from his country, and faithfully remembered by the lady, who devoted her life to Chopin's parents. This lady—Liszt relates—he saw himself, and Chopin's portrait, drawn by her hand, hung till the last in his father's room; her name, however, is not given. Karasowski mentions Chopin's relations to two Polish ladies, Constantia Gladkowska the beautiful singer, and Maria Wodzynska, to the latter of whom he was formally engaged. But neither of these can have been the deserted lady of Liszt's account; for Mlle. Gladkowska married soon after Chopin had left Warsaw, and his betrothed shamefully jilted him for the sake of a count. On the other hand, there is in Karasowski's book no mention whatever of a third Polish attachment, and one can hardly believe that so important a matter should have wholly escaped him. We should like to have an explanation of this strange circumstance, and we confidently look for it to Liszt himself, unless the regard for the feelings of living persons should necessitate his continued silence.

THE CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

The Chapel in the Tower. By Doyne C. Bell. London: John Murray. 1877.

The line quoted from Macaulay, which serves as a motto to Mr. Bell's book, "In truth there is no sadder spot on earth than this little cemetery," is singularly applicable. The Chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London contains the tombs of some of the most illustrious and the most famous of the figures in English history. Perhaps in no burial-place in the world are there grouped together the graves of so many historic people. Men and women of every kind, from some of the brightest ornaments of English history to some of the basest of its disgraces, lie here, having at least a common celebrity and a common grave. Even that church in Florence which holds monuments to the memory of so many of its famous sons; even Père la Chaise, which bears tribute to the names of the greatest Frenchmen, cannot claim to be more remarkable. For though none of those in the Chapel of the Tower are as great as any of the four famous names of Santa Croce, or surpass some of those in the French cemetery, they rival the one in point of number, and the other by containing few but famous names.

The task, therefore, which was undertaken by Mr. Bell, of chronicling those whose bones lie in St. Peter's Chapel, was most interesting and valuable, and it is but justice to him to say that he has carried out his scheme in a manner deserving of high commendation. The idea of the book seems to have been given to Mr. Bell while occupied with a different task, by observing the neglected condition of the chapel, where even "the graves of the two unhappy queens in the chancel remained unmarked by any memorial stone." What restoration has since done for the actual chapel, and the graves of those who are buried within it, Mr. Bell has done for it and their history.

The plan of Mr. Bell's work is distinctly good. Beginning with a general history of the present chapel, which owes its existence to Edward I., and occupies the ground of an earlier building in all probability erected by Henry I., he passes on to an account of the restoration in 1876–77, which transformed it from what Macaulay called "the likeness of a meeting-house in a manufacturing town" into something more nearly resembling its pristine condition. Mr. Bell then gives a careful account of the operations which led to the discovery of the remains, presumably of Anne Boleyn, and the other remains, then the list of monuments, the burial-register, and the list of the remarkable persons buried in the chapel to the number of thirty-four, whose biographies form the greater portion of and complete the work. To use Mr. Bell's own words, "the plan which has been adopted is to give accounts of the arrest and committal to the Tower of those persons who are named in this list, any incidents of their imprisonment, and a short notice of their trial, and, lastly, an account of their death and burial; this information being gathered, as far as possible, from the works and in the words of contemporary writers, or other authors of trustworthy authority." Heading the list is the name of Gerald Fitzgerald, who died prisoner in the Tower in 1534. He is famous as father of gallant "Silken Thomas," who, like so many of the brave Geraldine race, fell a victim to treachery, and of that "fair Geraldine" whom Surrey sang of, and about whom his famous sonnet, beginning—

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race—

has created so much unnecessary confusion and unmeaning conjecture. Silken Thomas's name has often led to odd misapprehensions. At the State trials of the Irish rebels in Clonmel, in 1848, evidence was given of a speech made by Thomas Francis Meagher, in which he alluded to Silken Thomas more than once. The Attorney-General, lately a Chief Justice, became curious to know who this intrusive person was, and said to the witness, "Pray, sir, who is this Silken Thomas?" The witness paused for a moment, and the present leader of the Home Rule party, Mr. Butt, who was engaged in the defence of the prisoners, jocularly observed, "A late eminent Queen's Counsel. Didn't you know him?" The Attorney-General thanked him for the information, and went on quite satisfied. Next on Mr. Bell's list figures John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, whom belief in the Nun of Kent and Cardinalship brought to death. The next name is the greatest that the list contains—the name of Thomas More. "Sir Thomas More," says Macaulay, "is one of the choice specimens of wisdom and virtue," and he finds Sir Thomas More's belief in the doctrine of Transubstantiation the strongest argument against his own wonder that Catholics could believe in such a doctrine, or withstand the arguments against it. Among the descriptions of and references to Sir Thomas More quoted, it seems somewhat of an oversight to find omitted the curious panegyric pronounced in the prefatory epistle to the 'Utopia.'

"The whiche man," says Master Ralph Robinson, referring to Sir Thomas More, "forasmuche as he was a man of late tyme, yea almost of thies our dayes: and for ye excellent qualities, wherewith the great goodness of God had plentyfully endowed him, and for ye high place, and rowme, whereunto his prince had most graciously called him, notably wel knowen, not only among us his countremen, but also in forrein countreis and nations; therefore I have not much to speake of him. This only I saye: yat it is much to be lamented of al, and not only of us English men, yat a man of so incomparable witte, of so profounde knowledge, of so absolute learning, and of so fine eloquence, was yet neverthelesse so much blinded, rather with obstinacie than with ignorance, yat he could not or rather would not see the shining light of godes holy truthe in certain principal pointes of Christian religion; but did rather cheuse to perseuer and continue in his wilfull and stubbourne obstinacie even to ye very death. This I say is a thing much to be lamented." There is a *naïve* simplicity about this worthy translator that is most amusing; the quiet self-sufficiency with which he admits while he prudently avoids dwelling upon the many merits of the man whose "obstinacie" he deplores, and the consequential composure with which he dismisses the subject, are too delightful relics of the historical changes produced by time not to be worthy of a place in anything touching upon Sir Thomas More, and it is to be regretted that Mr. Bell overlooked the passage, or considered it unworthy of insertion.

The next two biographies are of George and Anne Boleyn, which are succeeded by Thomas Cromwell. Few lives of statesmen present more varied events and curious contrasts than the life of this man, with its strange resemblance to the career of Wolsey. Mr. Bell takes no notice of the somewhat feeble chronicle play, *Thomas, Lord Cromwell*, which, for little apparent reason, has been ascribed to Shakespeare, and is classed among the doubtful plays. As a drama, it is of little or no account; but it has its interest to the historian, as showing the estimation of Cromwell made by a later generation, and the idea formed by the playwright of his downfall. The nobility of Cromwell's character is held up all through, but the machinations of Gardiner, who is a thorough stage villain, triumphs by somewhat easy means. He induces witnesses to swear falsely—

> That they did hear Lord Cromwell in his garden
> Wishing a dagger sticking at the heart
> Of our King Henry.

Upon this Suffolk inquires how Cromwell is to be attacked, to which Gardiner replies:—

> Marry, thus, my lords, by an act he made himself,
> With an intent to entrap some of our lives,
> And this it is: *If any counsellor*
> *Be convicted of high treason, he shall*
> *Be executed without public trial;*
> This act, my lords, he caus'd the King to make.

When Cromwell is put into the Tower he delivers himself up to somewhat commonplace meditation:—

> Now, Cromwell, hast thou time to meditate,
> And think upon thy state, and of the time.
> Thy honours came unsought, ay, and unlook'd for;
> Thy fall as sudden, and unlooked for, too.
> What glory was in England that I had not?
> Who in this land commanded more than Cromwell?
> Except the king, who greater than myself?
> But now I see what after ages shall:
> The greater men, more sudden is their fall.

After Cromwell is executed, like Murat, on his own law, the cunning dramatist contrives to save the character of the king by causing him at the last moment, and, owing to the artifices of Gardiner, too late, to send a reprieve. The play is also interesting as introducing worthy Sir Ralph Sadleir, and paying tribute to his noble qualities.

The remaining names on the list are the Countess of Salisbury; Queen Catherine Howard, about whose guilt little doubt now remains; Lady Rochford, who of all those whom the Tower Chapel received most deserved death; Lord Sudeley, who married and was said to have hastened the death of Catherine Parr; the Duke of Somerset; Sir Ralph Vane; Sir Thomas Arundel; John Dudley; Duke of Northumberland; Lady Jane Grey, whose name is cut in the Beauchamp Tower, possibly by her husband; Lord Guildford Dudley, whose name is next on the list; the Duke of Suffolk; the Duke of Norfolk; Sir John Perrott; the Earl of Arundel; the Earl of Essex; Sir Thomas Overbury; Lord Grey of Wilton; Sir John Eliot; Stafford; Arthur Capel, Earl of Essex; James, Duke of Monmouth; the infamous Judge Jeffreys; John Roettier, the medallist; Lord Griffin; the Marquis of Tullibardine; the Earl of Kilmarnock; Lord Balmerino; and, lastly, Simon Lord Lovat, remarkable in his death, as in his life, as being the last man who suffered death by beheading in England, and familiar to the world through Hogarth's famous portrait. We miss from Mr. Bell's account the possibly apocryphal story of the old Lord stopping the cart, on the way to execution, to ask for a halfpennyworth of gooseberries. Some observations made by Sir William Young, one of the conductors of the prosecution, would have been well worthy of quotation, as showing the estimation in which this traitor was deservedly held—"This noble lord, who in the whole course of his life has boasted of his superior cunning in wickedness, and his ability to commit frequent treasons with impunity, vainly imagined that he might possibly be a traitor in private, and rebel only in his heart, by sending his son and his followers to join the Pretender, and remaining at home himself, to endeavour to deceive his Majesty's faithful subjects; hoping *he* might be rewarded for his son's services, if successful; or his *son* alone be the sufferer for *his* offences, if the undertaking failed. Diabolical cunning! Atrocious impiety!" With an appended pedigree of the house of Norfolk and Arundel, a brief account of the "Baga de Secretis," and an index, Mr. Bell's labours come satisfactorily to an end. There are few buildings in the world more interesting than the Tower of London. It plays so important a part in English history, it has been the theatre of so many events, that any contribution to its history, any labours that tend to clear up some of the doubtful points connected with it, must be regarded with the highest interest. Mr. Bell undertook an especially difficult task, and he has accomplished it in an admirable manner. His book must at once take a place in literature as a valuable work of historical reference.

MINOR NOTICES.

Physiography and Physical Geography. By the Rev. A. Mackay. (W. Blackwood and Sons.)—In his 'German Letters on English Education,' Dr. Wiese pointed out the strange fact that, whilst the Germans were endeavouring to limit the influence of the State in educational matters, Englishmen were now trying to extend it—were, in fact, striving with a remarkable anxiety to put their necks under the Governmental yoke. An instance of what may be expected from Government interference is afforded by Mr. Mackay in his preface to the above manual. Therein he excuses its "peculiar character" by quoting from the report of the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education, in which it is announced that Physiography will henceforth receive that aid from the Science and Art Department hitherto awarded to Physical Geography. The syllabus of the subjects, which the Lords decided should fall under the head of Physiography, was issued early in 1877; and finding that no existing school-book treating of physical geography covered the variety of subjects included in the 'Physiography' of the Lords, he produced the present volume. It may at once be said that Mr. Mackay has compressed within 143 pages as much of several distinct sciences as possible with general accuracy and as much lucidity as could be expected when we find, for instance, "Electricity and Magnetism" begun and ended within four pages. Here, however, praise must end. Of course, if the Lords of the Council of Education insist on getting twenty gallons into a pint bottle, it must be done. What may be the consequence to the

pint bottle does not at all signify. If the pint bottle cannot hold the prescribed quantum, so much the worse for the pint bottle. No wonder that Mr. Mackay, with the evil example of the infallible Lords and their syllabus before him, should yield to the temptation, and add another science to the many treated in his pages in the shape of Theology, which is insinuated wherever opportunity offers. He informs his pupils that "centrifugal force is that which the planet received from the hand of the Creator when originally launched into space." We wonder whether that reply would be accepted in answer to the question, "What is centrifugal force?" in a competitive examination. And why does Mr. Mackay not say that centripetal force is that which the Creator gave to the sun to counteract the motion given to the earth? If we accept one we must accept the other; and if so, it would surely be simpler to say at once that the planet received a circling motion round the sun from the hand of the Creator when originally launched into space. In the same way, the chapter on "Ethnography"—the whole subject treated in three and a-quarter pages—affords an opportunity for a sermon in most orthodox style of the same length. This shows that the manual is intended for juvenile minds. On the other hand, the paragraphs on "Mathematical Geography" presuppose an amount of knowledge which the general experience of schoolboys scarcely justifies. For instance, in describing the curvilinear path of the planets, Mr. Mackay says:—"The curve so described will, in every case, be one of the *conic sections*—that is to say, it will be one or other of the various curves obtained by cutting a cone in all the possible directions. It will depend, however, on the particular circumstances of the case—viz., direction, distance, and velocity—which of the curves shall be described—*i.e.*, whether a circle, an ellipse, a parabola, or an hyperbola." So far the passage is well adapted enough for beginners. But the next sentence is alarming:—"Thus the orbit will be a *circle* when the square of the tangential velocity is equal to the diameter of the circle multiplied by the centripetal velocity; it will be an *ellipse* when the former product is greater than the latter; a *parabola* when the former product is exactly twice as great as the latter; an *hyperbola*, when more than twice as great; and in every case the angular velocity of the *radius-vector* must be inversely proportional to the square of the mutual distance of the two bodies." Again: "the parallax (or angle subtended by the diameter of the earth's orbit, as seen from a star);" or, in treating of the area of a sphere:—"Area $= D^2 \times 3{\cdot}1416$; $S = \frac{\text{rad.} \times \text{area}}{3}$; Weight $= 10^{15} \times$ weight of Great Pyramid $= 10^{15} \times 6{,}000{,}000$ tons;" and so on. In treating of the chemical elements—stamped by the Creator with a particular combining number—Mr. Mackay mentions the metallic and non-metallic bodies, but omits to mention the metalloids; whilst in speaking of the pressure of the atmosphere he says:—"Supposing the surface of a man's body to measure 15 square feet, it sustains a pressure of no less than 14 tons." Slips of this kind are inevitable when one man attempts to condense Humboldt's 'Cosmos'—and a few other works—into 140 pages, and mixes up such recondite knowledge with the information that "onion, garlic, leek, and turnip are cultivated for the most part in temperate countries," and that "important for yielding edible leaves are the cabbage, artichoke, cauliflower, and spinage" (*sic*). Perhaps the book may be best characterised by pointing out the fact that the index contains 623 subjects to 143 pages, such as:—Annelids, Apsides, Biology, Cycadaceous plants, Ethnography, Geodetical Surveys, Sodic Chloride, Magnetism, Textile Fabrics, Zoology, Botany, Meteorology, Telescopes and Microscopes, &c. It is rather surprising that nothing is said about the Telephone. With the exception of the Drama and the Fashions, everything seems to be represented in this work produced for the benefit of the Lords of the Committee of the Council of Education. *Prosit!*

Ideofone; or, Sound Picture the True Character of Speech. By A. Castle Cleary. (Pitman.) *The Visible Origin of Language; or, Speech the Expression of Form.* (Effingham Wilson.)—The first work, "though delivered as a lecture before the Victoria Institute," was "published at the sole responsibility and expense of the author," who will not apologise for using "f" in the title, to represent the Greek letter "fi," nor yet for the introduction of a new word in "Ideofone." Thus wrote the author in the month of April. From internal evidence it would appear that the lecture was delivered on the 1st, and no doubt both audience and author were fully imbued with the spirit of the day. The performance was commenced with a description of the Syllabic Analysis of language. The Syllabic Analysis consists in finding the syllable of a word on which the accent falls. This syllable becomes the "power-syllable," which forms a common bond between the word containing it and the thousand other words in which the same syllable occurs. By this means, if "all books were printed with the power-syllables of the words in a thicker type, a reader, whatever language were before his eye, would immediately recur mentally to the whole range of significancy which the power-syllables of the words before him represent in his vernacular; by which practice, if I mistake not, every new language would very soon become as easy of understanding as one's own." How easy this is Mr. A. Castle Cleary proves with the sentence: *Te, tumm, ên, oi, es, en*, which shows "the unity of two languages so apparently different as English and Greek." This is self-evident. However Greek *Tetummenoiesen* may appear to the uninitiated, to anyone who has but the faintest idea of a "power-syllable," it must be perfectly clear that *Tetummenoiesen* is visibly and audibly identical with *they had been thumped.* It is, in fact, so lucidly clear, that it is difficult to imagine why Mr. Cleary Castle should have taken the trouble to demonstrate the identity. It was probably part of the joke of the day. However, Mr. Castly Cleary does demonstrate it as follows. He says:—"The words which I have selected, and which I shall write in Roman letters, are composed of the following six syllables:—

te	tumm	ên	oi	es	en;
be	thump	en	they	was	en;

in other words, 'they had been thumped.' Upon this I need only observe that:—1. The first syllables *te* and *be* are simply reduplicating sounds both in Greek and English; they are each a mere consonant prefixed to the root, which can in this case not be sounded without the mention of a vowel, and hence it forms a syllable. Had the reduplicating letter been an *s*, it would have been added in coalescence with the initial root letter, and we should have had no *syllabic* augment: as we find in English, *stump, stamp*; for these words are equivalent to *be-thump, i.e.*, repeat the action of thumping. 2. Of the second syllable we need only say that it is the same both in sound and in meaning with English *thump.* 3. The third syllable is the English participle termination *'en*, existing also in the Greek, as we find here. 4. The fourth syllable is the nominative plural *'hoy* (dropping the *h'*), and equals our *they*, which prefixes a *t'* to the *h'*; so the words are really the same. 5. The fifth syllable *'ês* is equal to our *'was*; for the English *w'* was frequently inserted or dropped with indifference, as in *woden* or *odin.* 6. The last syllable is the *'en* of the third person plural, now out of use in English, whereby *they was* should be *they wasen.* Observe that *they was* is quite as good as *they were*, as is well known to philology." The admirable lucidity and trenchant logic of this demonstration can only be surpassed by Mr. Ceary A. Class, and, as might be expected of such a master of power-syllables, he surpasses even himself. For instance, he shows that the words *I'll rake your pot, I'll ruck your knot, I'll rack your pod*, are just the same as *I'll break your head* or *I'll crack your nut*, because "(a) *break* equals *crack* exactly, the words are the same: the power being "*rac*," to put into *rucks*, or *breaks*; or *rake* form; to dispart any unity: (b) *head* equals *nut*; for the class-letter is the same, *'d* or *'t.* And *head* equals *hod, pod, pate, pot* (the cavity;) while *nut* equals *knot, pot*, or any cubical formation on *'t*, and also the hollow of such formation the *cavity of the*

node, and hence it expresses ideally the same thing as *head*. [This was made clear on the black board."] This was kind of Mr. Clearly A. Cass, but it was really unnecessary, for anyone can immediately see that *I'll rake your bud* is identically the same as *I'll break your head*. In the same way *Tetummenoiesen*, or *Tetommy-runclesen* is identical with "Tommy make room for your Uncle," and prepares a fitting transition from "Ideofone, or *Sound* Picture the True Character of Speech," to Mr. Castley Clearay's 'Visible Origin of Speech,' in which it will probably be shown that the cubical formation on the *t* in *sight* is the same as the circle forming the "cavity of the node" resting on the *d* in *sound*, and that consequently sight and sound are identical. We will, however, defer our examination of this production, for we are consumed, as probably our readers will be also, by a burning desire to find out the "power-syllable" of Mr. A. Castle Cleary's own name, and whether a cubical accumulation of superfluous letters has not been agglomerated round a very simple sibilant root. In the meantime we must apologise for the various renderings of his name, which our ignorance of the "power-syllable" has entailed. Mr. O'Cleary will forgive us, for he seems to be in much the same plight, and he has not put his name to his second work. When he has completed his 'New Syllabic Dictionary on Mathematical Principles,' which he announces, he will probably have solved the problem. The fact is, that Mr. Cleary has lost himself in a maze of orthographical resemblances, and cannot separate the conventional expression for a thing or an idea from the thing or idea itself. Given the same thing or idea, he thinks the expression for it must be radically the same in all languages, and that what he calls the "power-syllable" will explain the meaning of the word. If so, will he kindly inform us what is the equivalent in the "English vernacular" of the word *sot*? To use his own words, it is a "cubical formation on '*t*,'" though we should be inclined to call it a cylindrical formation.

Bonn to Metz per Bicycle in Six Days.—This is the account of a tour undertaken by Mr. C. F. Casella, of the London Bicycle Club, through the romantic country bordering the Rhine and the Nahe. Leaving Bonn at 10 A.M. Mr. Casella and his friend "Fitz" spun along to the wonder of the admiring natives, and, after no further casualties than knocking over an old peasant, who rather seemed to like it, and insisted on showing the bicyclers the scars of many a wound received in battle, arrived at Coblence at 7 P.M., having accomplished the very creditable distance of thirty-eight miles. Bicycling, however, does not seem to be quite an unalloyed pleasure. It is true it does not entail blistered feet; but Mr. Casella was next day "under the painful necessity of having to buy an india-rubber air-cushion." That is awkward. When one is tired, and has blistered feet, one can always sit down and rest; but when it comes to air-cushions, and sitting down is agony, it is intelligible that the next day's programme was not quite carried out, and that on arriving at Bacharach, nine and a-half miles short of their destination, they sang with Dante—

Quel giorno più non vi viaggiamo avanti.

"That day we churned the circling wheel no more." But the air-cushion seems to have answered well; for the third day brought them to Kirn, a distance of forty-one miles, in nine hours. From Kirn they sped up-hill and down-hill, by sunshine and moonshine, to St. Wendel. Before they got there, however, Mr. Casella's steed ran away with him, and seemed determined to leap with his rider down an inviting precipice, but a judicious guiding landed the two on a sand-heap instead, without any bones being broken. The wiry steed, however, had received some internal injury, for next morning he refused to work, and a doctor had to be called, in the shape of a friendly stoker, who put in a new axle-pin. This done, they pushed on to Saarbrücken, this time through the coal district, and, by way of a change, through torrents of rain and over roads of black mud and slush. The sixth day brought them to Metz, after a ride of forty-eight miles. Thus the ride was successfully accomplished, and a column and a-half devoted by the *Kreuzzeitung* to a description of the tour, which appears to have been very pleasant. At the same time, it is to be observed that the two champions returned to Bonn by railway.

DRAMA.

"GUINEA GOLD" AT THE PRINCESS'S.

Guinea Gold seems to have been considerably shortened and trimmed since the first night of its production, but it is still far from being a satisfactory play. There is no want of ingenuity in its construction, the dialogue though sometimes stilted is often brisk and witty, but with all his two score and one arts as a practised playwright and brilliant writer Mr. Byron seems to have lost for the occasion the one essential art of making his play interesting. When the playbill claims for the piece the possession of "melodramatic interest," it claims the one thing which the piece has not. Be a play never so ingeniously put together and well written, it cannot live unless the characters take the audience with them in their hopes and fears, their schemes and counter-schemes, and it requires a laborious intellectual effort and frequent consultation of the playbill to ascertain who the characters in *Guinea Gold* are, what they are doing, why they are doing it, and why they are not acting like ordinary human beings and doing something else. Dion Boucicault's melodramatic personages act from strongly-marked and intelligible motives—we soon know the ins and the outs of their characters, and settle down comfortably to watch the development; but the personages in *Guinea Gold* are conventional puppets jerked about by their author in an arbitrary manner, and, besides, the dramatist does not give us time to follow their puzzling movements, but distracts and perplexes our attention by crowding the stage with figures who have nothing to do with the plot. The first act goes off very well. Miss Lydia Foote, whose art is very consummate in a simple and unpretending way, completely wins our sympathy with her love for one young man, her aversion for another, and also with her feminine curiosity about the secret of her birth, though that secret and the eccentric name she bears are not very satisfactorily explained or easily conceivable. Bob Lamb, the comic servant boy, played very successfully by Miss Leslie, gives an element of briskness to the act; and the humours of Mr. Tweezer, who turns out to be a detective in disguise, and of Tom Sprottler and his sweetheart Polly Dobbs, are amusing. When the curtain falls, we have a pleasant sense of having been well-entertained. There are no novelties in the repast, but the viands are nicely served. Our troubles begin when we fall to ruminating about the old gentleman who surprised us by casting off his infirmities towards the close of the act, and appeared in all the vigour of an energetic detective. We cannot understand what was his object in hanging about Mrs. Medlicott's, drinking tea and eating "creezes," not springing into activity till the bird for which he professes to have been on the watch had flown. He discovers no new proof of guilt that would have justified him in effecting the capture about which he had not till then shown any anxiety. Our perplexity about the detective is extended to several other personages as the play goes on. It is impossible to be interested in people whose motives are so inscrutable.

VARIORUM NOTES.

Some moralist or satirist will perhaps describe the funeral procession of M. Thiers in the same spirit as that in which Thackeray has pictured the transfer of the remains of Napoleon the Great to the space under the dome of the Invalides. "What did I observe among the crowd?" a friend in Paris writes to us. "I observed that there was a great deal of

'chaffing' going on, that cabmen were interchanging jokes, that people were complaining of the long delay, that men were eagerly bustling through the crowd and planting little ladders against walls wherever the police allowed them, and bawling out that places on these ladders were to be had at so much apiece; that women came along, bringing chairs from their homes to stand on, which they set up and mounted at some favourable spot, and which some of them presently tumbled from amid much laughter—I observed this, and then one moment of thrilling silence, and another of deep-drawn utterances as the bier of the great man passed by—and then the ladders were carried off, and the 'chaff' set in again." Yet there can be no doubt that the sense of gloom was deep and profound over Paris. The waiter at the *café*, of whom Carlyle tells in his 'French Revolution,' cared nothing about the day being fine, and could only remember that Mirabeau was dead. Paris, as a whole, cared nothing on Saturday about the day being wet, and only seemed to remember that Thiers was dead.

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"The Trade-roads of the Greeks and Romans through the territories of the Oder, the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Memel, to the shores of the Baltic," is the title of an archæological study by a Polish writer, J. N. von Sadowski, which has received the prize from the Academy of Sciences at Cracow. The author concludes that the traffic from the Black Sea to the upper Vistula, and even to its mouth, must have existed already at the time of Herodotus. The Etruscans—the teachers of the Romans in civilisation, though in all probability a Turanian people—were among the southern nations the first who made use of that trade-road to the North. Several centuries before the Roman legions had found their way to Noricum, Etruscan merchants must have penetrated to the Baltic. Their path lay, to all appearance, through the Alpine valleys to the present Hallstadt, near Salzburg, where they had their first emporium; thence through the neighbourhood of Linz, across the Danube; then through Bohemia and Silesia to the Netze, Warta, and Vistula rivers. There is no doubt that the Etruscans visited the coast near Danzig, and from thence went to the Kurian coast, which is even richer in amber. It seems that their trade was temporarily stopped in the fourth century before the Christian era by the irruption of the Gauls into Italy. After the second Punic War, the commerce was reopened, until the inroad of the Kimbrians and the Teutons once more created a hindrance. From thence there was no Italian trade with the Baltic until the time of Augustus, when the Venetians began to go to the amber coasts. The presence of Greek merchants in those Baltic quarters appears to be testified to by the discovery of Greek silver coins. The excavations made go far to show that the northern barbarians were on terms of great friendliness with their foreign mercantile visitors. The state of the graves of those traders proves that they were buried according to their own rites. Now, wherever the stranger can follow his own creed unmolested, and is sure of respect being paid to his religious views even after death, it may safely be concluded that his property also will be protected. M. Sadowski's excellent treatise has been translated into German.

From Milan, where a Fire-burial Society exists, a philosophical death is reported. M. Giovanni Mussida, a philosopher and author of a work in four volumes, entitled 'Libertà e Protezione,' recently put the finishing touch to the last volume, when he exclaimed, "I have concluded; now I may die!" Soon after he expired from paralysis of the heart. In accordance with his desire as a member of the Cremation Society, his body was burnt.

The territory of Utah has been historically famous hitherto as affording so many facilities for entering the married state, but it must now be also known as offering even greater opportunities for leaving it. In Beaver County, Utah Territory, divorce is obtainable on probably the easiest terms in the world. All the applicant has to do is to file in the court of the county an affidavit that he, or she, though not an inhabitant of the county, intends to become one, and to state the causes for which divorce is sought, whether incompatibility of temper or whatever plea is put forward, and then the divorce is granted. It is not even necessary for the plaintiff to give the defendant warning that a divorce is being sought for. The old joke that at some of the railway stations in the famous divorce State, Indiana, it was the habit to call out "Change cars and wives here" is almost surpassed by this reality. Some woman whose husband obtained a Beaver County divorce, and whose first intimation of the fact came through a lawyer's letter announcing the separation, has, however, objected, and called upon United States law to question the legality of such Utah legislation.

During the recent railway strikes in America, one railway company had its line saved from destruction by the intervention of a body of Federal troops, whom the Government sent for the purpose. The railway company have since acknowledged their sense of the obligation by presenting a bill to the Government for the fares of the Federal soldiers sent along the line to protect it. This is a little in the spirit of Dickens's Rogue Riderhood, who, when he has been saved from drowning, makes a demand upon his rescuer for the value of a fur cap belonging to him which has been lost in the process of rescue.

A notice was recently published by the German Fishery Society, asking for information regarding the reproduction and development of eels, as well as for living specimens, which were to be sent to Professor Virchow. The Professor, however, knew nothing about this notice, and went on a journey to Russia. Meantime hundreds of letters, and dozens upon dozens of packages containing live eels, were left at his house, so that when he returned for a day or two he found it full of the slippery animals, and one of the servants frantically endeavouring to divest herself of a tight boot she had got half on with a lively eel squirming about her toes. Her shrieks were

'chaffing' going on, that cabmen were interchanging jokes, that people were complaining of the long delay, that men were eagerly bustling through the crowd and planting little ladders against walls wherever the police allowed them, and bawling out that places on these ladders were to be had at so much apiece; that women came along, bringing chairs from their homes to stand on, which they set up and mounted at some favourable spot, and which some of them presently tumbled from amid much laughter—I observed this, and then one moment of thrilling silence, and another of deep-drawn utterances as the bier of the great man passed by—and then the ladders were carried off, and the 'chaff' set in again." Yet there can be no doubt that the sense of gloom was deep and profound over Paris. The waiter at the *café*, of whom Carlyle tells in his 'French Revolution,' cared nothing about the day being fine, and could only remember that Mirabeau was dead. Paris, as a whole, cared nothing on Saturday about the day being wet, and only seemed to remember that Thiers was dead.

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At Trier fresh excavations have been made near the so-called Roman Emperor's Palace. A great number of marble slabs turned up, as well as a marble torso which once belonged to a life-size draped figure. Near by, one-half of a sculptured female head, and a fragment of drapery which may have belonged to the figure, were dug up. Fragments of a wall covered with fresco paintings were also laid bare. Excavations made by way of trial near the city wall produced surprisingly rich results, such as the sculptured head of a satyr; a very expressive head of a winged Morpheus, with closed eyes; the head of a woman and of a youth; a great many fragments of arms, various torsos, and pieces of drapery. Other antiquities are expected to come up. Trier, the *Augusta Trevirorum* of the Romans, was one of the places longest held by the latter, until the German Franks obtained possession of it. In the neighbourhood of that town, there may be seen the so-called Igel column, a colossal Roman family-grave monument, 72 ft. in height.

A letter from Munich says that the excavations made in the former Augustine Church, for the object of discovering the grave of the German Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, have hitherto proved fruitless, but that the skeletons of about 230 Augustine monks have been found. Thereby hang several stories. Thus, one of the skeletons had its arms and legs tightly bound with ropes. Again, three coffins contained the skeletons of children—a strange find in a monastery! At the time they were buried, no inspection of cloisters was to be feared.

"The Trade-roads of the Greeks and Romans through the territories of the Oder, the Vistula, the Dnieper, and the Memel, to the shores of the Baltic," is the title of an archæological study by a Polish writer, J. N. von Sadowski, which has received the prize from the Academy of Sciences at Cracow. The author concludes that the traffic from the Black Sea to the upper Vistula, and even to its mouth, must have existed already at the time of Herodotus. The Etruscans—the teachers of the Romans in civilisation, though in all probability a Turanian people—were among the southern nations the first who made use of that trade-road to the North. Several centuries before the Roman legions had found their way to Noricum, Etruscan merchants must have penetrated to the Baltic. Their path lay, to all appearance, through the Alpine valleys to the present Hallstadt, near Salzburg, where they had their first emporium; thence through the neighbourhood of Linz, across the Danube; then through Bohemia and Silesia to the Netze, Warta, and Vistula rivers. There is no doubt that the Etruscans visited the coast near Danzig, and from thence went to the Kurian coast, which is even richer in amber. It seems that their trade was temporarily stopped in the fourth century before the Christian era by the irruption of the Gauls into Italy. After the second Punic War, the commerce was reopened, until the inroad of the Kimbrians and the Teutons once more created a hindrance. From thence there was no Italian trade with the Baltic until the time of Augustus, when the Venetians began to go to the amber coasts. The presence of Greek merchants in those Baltic quarters appears to be testified to by the discovery of Greek silver coins. The excavations made go far to show that the northern barbarians were on terms of great friendliness with their foreign mercantile visitors. The state of the graves of those traders proves that they were buried according to their own rites. Now, wherever the stranger can follow his own creed unmolested, and is sure of respect being paid to his religious views even after death, it may safely be concluded that his property also will be protected. M. Sadowski's excellent treatise has been translated into German.

From Milan, where a Fire-burial Society exists, a philosophical death is reported. M. Giovanni Mussida, a philosopher and author of a work in four volumes, entitled 'Libertà e Protezione,' recently put the finishing touch to the last volume, when he exclaimed, "I have concluded; now I may die!" Soon after he expired from paralysis of the heart. In accordance with his desire as a member of the Cremation Society, his body was burnt.

The territory of Utah has been historically famous hitherto as affording so many facilities for entering the married state, but it must now be also known as offering even greater opportunities for leaving it. In Beaver County, Utah Territory, divorce is obtainable on probably the easiest terms in the world. All the applicant has to do is to file in the court of the county an affidavit that he, or she, though not an inhabitant of the county, intends to become one, and to state the causes for which divorce is sought, whether incompatibility of temper or whatever plea is put forward, and then the divorce is granted. It is not even necessary for the plaintiff to give the defendant warning that a divorce is being sought for. The old joke that at some of the railway stations in the famous divorce State, Indiana, it was the habit to call out "Change cars and wives here" is almost surpassed by this reality. Some woman whose husband obtained a Beaver County divorce, and whose first intimation of the fact came through a lawyer's letter announcing the separation, has, however, objected, and called upon United States law to question the legality of such Utah legislation.

During the recent railway strikes in America, one railway company had its line saved from destruction by the intervention of a body of Federal troops, whom the Government sent for the purpose. The railway company have since acknowledged their sense of the obligation by presenting a bill to the Government for the fares of the Federal soldiers sent along the line to protect it. This is a little in the spirit of Dickens's Rogue Riderhood, who, when he has been saved from drowning, makes a demand upon his rescuer for the value of a fur cap belonging to him which has been lost in the process of rescue.

A notice was recently published by the German Fishery Society, asking for information regarding the reproduction and development of eels, as well as for living specimens, which were to be sent to Professor Virchow. The Professor, however, knew nothing about this notice, and went on a journey to Russia. Meantime hundreds of letters, and dozens upon dozens of packages containing live eels, were left at his house, so that when he returned for a day or two he found it full of the slippery animals, and one of the servants frantically endeavouring to divest herself of a tight boot she had got half on with a lively eel squirming about her toes. Her shrieks were

awful. The Professor now states that he does not want any more.

A Russian naturalist, M. Nicolai Sogrof, recently paid a visit to the Samoyedes on the peninsula of Kanin. But the Samoyedes were suspicious, and imagined that he entertained kidnapping ideas concerning them; and when a man-of-war appeared off their coasts, they suddenly struck their tents and carried M. Sogrof off with them into the interior. He had a fine entomological collection in spirits of wine, of which the Samoyedes evinced their appreciation by drinking the alcohol and throwing away the specimens. After many hardships and dangers M. Sogrof was rescued by a couple of friendly Samoyede fishermen who had heard of his capture.

The very kiss of kisses has just been kissed at Gastein. At least so says the *Pesther Lloyd*. Count Beust, who recently arrived there, had apparently been contemplating a *coup d'état* of no small proportions. He was resolved to vanquish Prince Bismarck. So, shortly after Prince Bismarck's arrival, he wended his way to the Hotel Straubinger—which immediately caused him to hum the well-known song "Bruder Straubinger"—to pay him a visit. The Prince, however, was not at home—really not at home. Count Beust, leaving his card, began to retrace his steps, when suddenly he found himself face to face with the object of his search. The same idea seemed to possess both the diplomatists at once. There was no hesitation. They literally flew at each other, and kissed four ardent kisses. Then they walked hand in hand back to the hotel, and disappeared from the sight of the wondering spectators. Gastein has not yet solved the riddle. Or is the *Pesther Lloyd* only making fun of its readers?

The statistics of the Military Prison at Oberhaus, in Bavaria, contain some curious information as to the capacity of the Bavarian soldier for beer. One, an artilleryman, who was discharged for lung disease, said that twenty quarts did not exactly hurt him. A second, a mason by profession, said, "I never count up to more than ten or twelve quarts, but after that it goes quickly;" and a third was of opinion that, if he could get it, he would drink twenty-eight quarts a day, and not feel it. Another exclaimed indignantly that he was not drunk, for he had only had eight quarts; whilst one, a regular *habitué* of the prison, insisted that he was no blackguard, but he did like drinking.

M. Alfred Julia, of the French Ministry of Justice, has arrived at Pressburg, after having visited Fiume, Agram, and various parts of Hungary. He is specially studying the judicial system in Hungary and Hungarian life, art, and culture generally. He is about to publish his experiences in the Art and Science department of the *Moniteur*.

Amongst the foreign officers present at the Prussian manœuvres none meets with so much attention as the Japanese representative. At every turn he is greeted with the cry, "Japanese, hurrah!" He wears a black uniform, much resembling the Brunswick, and seems to call to mind Lützow's celebrated Black Chasseurs.

During the attack on the Düppel trenches a Danish officer was severely wounded, but as the Prussians advanced he fired his revolver at them, and was just about having his brains blown out by one of the exasperated soldiers when his life was saved by the interposition of another, who afterwards returned to the spot and carried him to the hospital. His rescuer was a poor carpenter of Berlin. The other day this carpenter received a letter from the officer in question, saying that, as his wife and child were dead, and he himself at the point of death, he could do no better than leave his little property to his benefactor. This letter was accompanied by one from the officer's solicitor, informing him that he could draw his legacy—3,500 crowns—at any moment.

The ex-Prince Imperial has sent his portrait, richly framed in diamonds, to the Pope, in return for Pius IX.'s congratulations on August 15. The present was accompanied by a letter, in which the Prince expressed his longing for the Pontiff's blessing, especially as he had now entered upon the dangerous path of independent responsibility. Evidently the Prince is intelligent enough to recognise the dangers of the path he is treading, but not intelligent enough to see that it would have been wiser not to have entered upon it at all. It shows a medium intellect on the balance.

Lieutenant Paulitschky, of the Austrian Service, who accompanies the International Expedition to Central Africa about to leave England shortly, has been commissioned to open a station 400 miles towards the interior from the frontier of the independent chief Captain Smith's territory. He is to stay there ten years, and to hoist the Austro-Hungarian flag, and take possession of the territory in the name of the Emperor Francis Joseph.

The Sunday Society has just secured the alliance of a distinguished sculptor, who has presented to it two handsome busts—one of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the other of the Right Rev. the Bishop of London. Both busts are on view at the office, 19 Charing Cross. The society is a corporate member of the Social Science Association, and will be represented at the Aberdeen Congress this month. A large portion of the clergy, it is encouraging to state, have followed the excellent example of Dean Stanley in ignoring the prejudice existing against the objects of the society, on whose behalf they have announced their intention of preaching.

Dr. Alexander Morgenstern has had a long interview with De Tourville at Botzen, which he states is of high psychological and legal interest. He will publish an account of it.

Mr. C. P. O'Conor, the Irish workman poet, whose "Songs of a Life" showed such genuine lyric gifts, is about to issue another volume of poems.

The etchings published with *L'Art* are always good, but that in the last number is a real *chef-d'œuvre*. It is a portrait by Charles Waltner, after Jordaens, etched with wonderful power, grandeur of drawing, and energy of colouring.

The following sentence, an advertisement in the *Era*, headed "A Warning to Receivers of Stolen Goods," has been pointed out to us as the most perfectly unique sentence in English literature:—"Whether or not the Lessees of Provincial Theatres, who entertain Travelling Thieves, and share the plunder from their piratical Pieces, can at present be sued for penalties, they can certainly be restrained by Injunction, at a heavy cost to themselves; and this course will be taken by me against any Lessee who, on any pretence or allegation whatever, except my consent, sought from me by him, and given by me to him, shall allow 'MASKS AND FACES,' or 'Never Too Late to Mend,' or 'Better Late than Never,' or any other Piracy, direct or colourable, of any Drama of mine, to be played in his Theatre, he dividing the booty with the Vagabonds who carry Stolen or Piratical Plays about for Sale; and this Advertisement will be made part of my case on application to the Court." It is a fine sentence, undoubtedly, but we think it could be matched, if not surpassed, from Mr. Swinburne's 'Note on Charlotte Brontë.'

The *Graphic* has secured, and will begin publishing in October, a novel by Victor Hugo dealing with the events of 1870.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Biddulph, Paulina.—Joyce. (Crown 8vo.) Griffith and Farran. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Flint, Robert, D.D.—Theism. (Crown 8vo, pp. 432.) W. Blackwood and Sons.
Frost, Rev. Percival, M.A.—Florilegium Poeticum. New Edition. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 281.) G. Bell and Sons.
Froude's Short Studies on Great Subjects. Vol. III. (Crown 8vo, pp. 558.) Longmans and Co.
History Primers.—Edited by J. R. Green. Roman Antiquities. By A. S. Wilkins, M.A. (18mo, pp. 126.) Macmillan and Co. 1*s.*
Hobson, Edwin, M.A.—Aids to the Study of the Books of Samuel. Book II. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 306.) W. Wells Gardner.
Literature Primers. Edited by J. R. Green, M.A.—Shakspere. By Edward Dowden, LL.D. (18mo, pp. 167.) Macmillan and Co. 1*s.*
No Name Series.—Hetty's Strange History. (16mo.) Boston: Roberts Bros.
Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Harry Buxton Forman. In 4 vols. Vol. IV. (Demy 8vo, pp. 573.) Reeves and Turner.
Thackeray, Rev. Francis St. John, M.A.—Anthologia Graeca. Second Edition. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 477.) G. Bell and Sons.
The Survival, with an Apology for Scepticism. (Demy 8vo, pp. 471.) Remington and Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The Three Great Perils of England. (Demy 8vo, pp. 24.) W. Ridgway. 1*s.*
Thynne, Robert.—For this Cause. A Novel. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Sampson Low and Co. 31*s.* 6*d.*

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Information as to Papers and other particulars may be obtained at the Offices, 1 Adam Street, Adelphi, London, or City Buildings, Aberdeen.

BEDFORD COLLEGE (for LADIES), 8 and 9 York Place, Portman Square.—The SESSION 1877-78 will BEGIN on THURSDAY, October 11.

TWO ARNOTT SCHOLARSHIPS will be awarded by OPEN COMPETITION in October next. Candidates to send their Names to Miss MARTINEAU, at the College, before September 20.

Prospectuses, with Particulars of Scholarships, Boarding, &c., to be had at the College. H. LE BRETON, Hon. Sec.

NOTICE.—ROYAL SCHOOL of MINES, Jermyn Street, London. — The TWENTY-SEVENTH SESSION will BEGIN on MONDAY, the 1st OCTOBER. Prospectuses may be had on application.

TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON. — SESSION 1877-78.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of MEDICINE will commence on MONDAY, October 1. Introductory Lecture at 3 P.M. by JOHN WILLIAMS, M.D.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of ARTS and LAWS (including the Department of Fine Arts) will begin on TUESDAY, October 2. Introductory Lecture at 3 P.M. by Professor ALFRED GOODWIN, M.A.

The SESSION of the FACULTY of SCIENCE (including the Department of the Applied Sciences) will begin on TUESDAY, October 2.

The SCHOOL for BOYS between the ages of Seven and Sixteen will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, September 25.

Prospectuses and Copies of the Regulations relating to the Entrance and other Exhibitions, Scholarships, and Prizes open to Competition by Students, may be obtained at the Office of the College.

The Examination for the Medical Entrance Exhibitions, and also that for the Andrews Entrance Prizes (Faculties of Arts and Laws and of Science), will be held at the College, on the 27th and 28th of September.

The College is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways.

TALFOURD ELY, M.A., Secretary.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile End.—The SESSION 1877-78 will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 1, 1877, when a Conversazione will be held at Eight P.M. Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £60 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20. Fee to Lectures and Hospital Practice 90 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of five House-Physicians, four House-Surgeons, one Accoucheurship; also two Dresserships and two Maternity Assistantships. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis. R. KERSHAW, Secretary.

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12 Tea do.	0	12	0	0	18	0	1	2	0	1	10	0
2 Salt do.	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	4	0	0	4	0
1 Mustard do.	0	1	0	0	1	6	0	2	0	0	2	0
6 Egg do.	0	9	0	0	12	0	0	11	0	0	12	0
1 Gravy do.	0	6	0	0	7	6	0	9	6	0	10	6
1 Soup Ladle	0	9	6	0	13	0	0	15	0	0	16	6
1 Fish Knife	0	11	0	0	13	0	0	15	6	0	16	6
1 Butter Knife	0	2	6	0	3	6	0	5	0	0	5	0
2 Sauce Ladles	0	5	6	0	7	0	0	8	0	0	9	0
1 Sugar Sifter	0	3	0	0	4	9	0	4	0	0	5	0
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